



No. LXXIV.]

Contents

[DECEMBER 1888

PAGE

A Dangerous Cat's Paw. X.-XII.	113
By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY.	
Fat and Fat-Cures	140
By DR. ANDREW WILSON.	
Flier-Weather	158
By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.	
'Jin'	160
By MRS. MUSGRAVE.	
A Day's Stalking	173
By WILLIAM BLACK.	
Giving and Saving	186
By MRS. HENRY REEVE.	
Karenga: an African Sketch	193
By MISS WERNER.	
Lord Westbury	207
By A. K. H. B.	
At the Sign of the Ship	218
By ANDREW LANG.	

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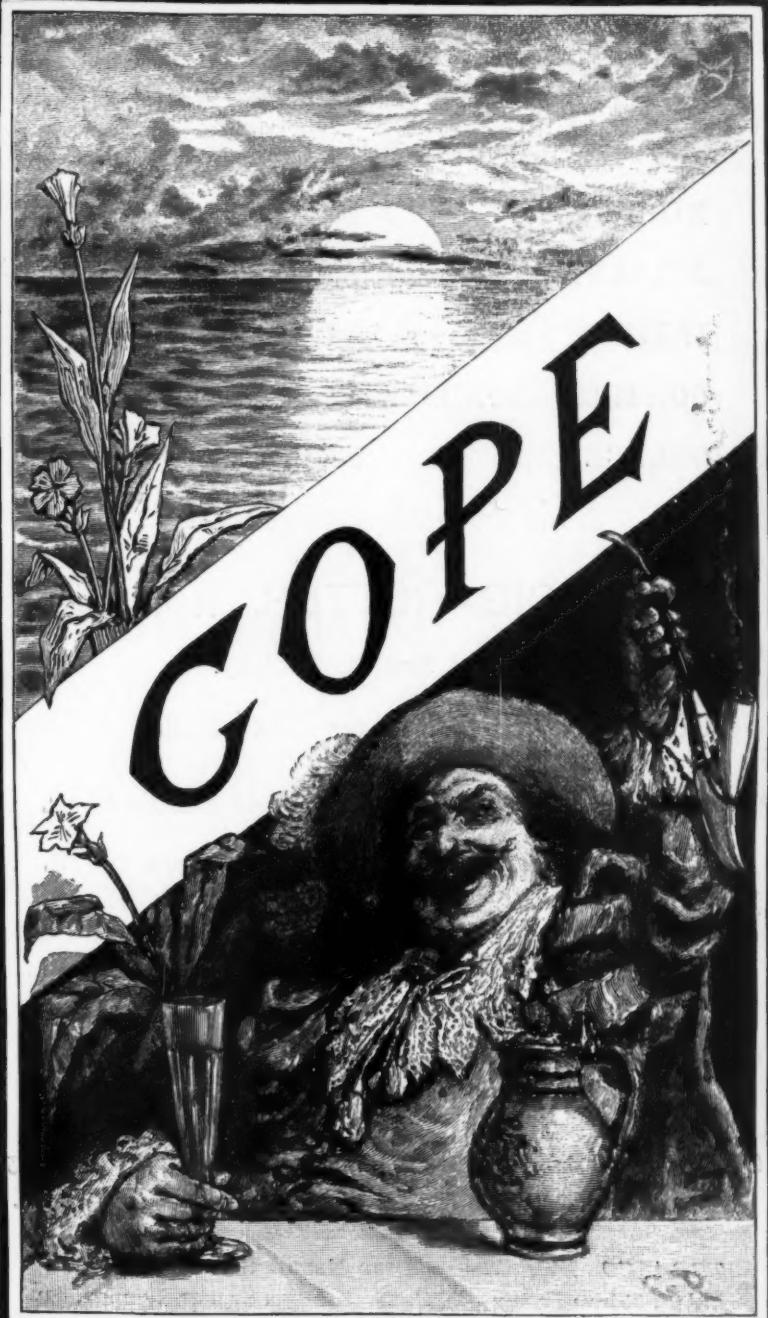
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GEORGE HITCHCOCK, the artist, will write of BOTTICELLI as 'the man who, above all others, gave an impulse in the right direction to the new art of the Christian world'; illustrations from drawings by the author.

ILLUSTRATED POEMS will be a feature of the number, one of them, 'THE LION OF THE NILE,' containing four pictures by ELIOT VEDDER.

MR. STEVENSON concludes for this year his series of monthly papers with 'A CHRISTMAS SERMON,' filled with the high purpose and courage which he has called 'the brave attitude toward life.'

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., 15 Bedford Street, Strand.

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THE
SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION
TOTAL RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
IN EACH YEAR 1837 TO 1887

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM

The upright Columns (with reference to the scale on the margin) represent the entire Cash transactions of the Institution up to the end of each year.

The full height of the Column corresponding to any year shows the RECEIPTS, while the total DISBURSEMENTS are represented by the top of the medium shade of colour. The difference (light blue) represents the ACCUMULATED FUNDS at the end of that year.

Thus, the Receipts since the commencement to Dec. 1887 have been £12,300,000, and the Disbursements (about) £6,800,000. The difference, £5,500,000, represents the Realised Fund at 31st December 1887.

The Disbursements again are subdivided: The lower portion (dark shade) showing the aggregate Expenses of Management of all kinds, and the upper portion the aggregate Outlay for Claims, Annuities, and Surrenders to same date.

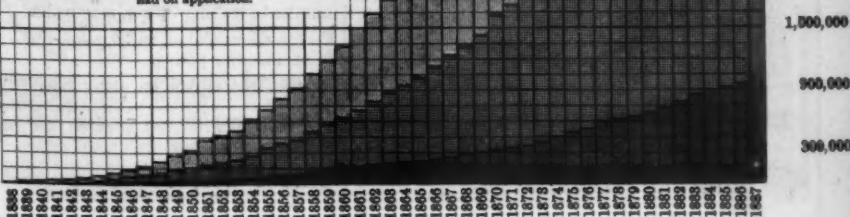
PREMIUMS for £100 at Death. With Profits.

Age.	Premiums payable during Life.	Premiums limited to		
		21 payments.	14 payments.	7 payments.
26	£ 1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6
30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9
39	2 12 11	3 5 0	4 3 4	7 0 7
40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 3	7 6 8
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2
49	3 18 1	4 0 9	5 0 9	8 17 11
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 13 4	9 2 10

* Thus a person of 30 may secure £1000 at death by a yearly payment, during life, of £20 15s., which would generally secure elsewhere about £800 only. Or, he may secure £1000 by 22 yearly payments of £27 13s. 4d. being free of payment after 30.

† At age 40 the Premium ceasing at age 60 is, for £1000, £33 14s.; being about the same as is usually charged during the whole term of life. Before that time the policy will have shared in at least one Division of Profits.

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Experience has proved that with economy and careful management these Premiums will not only secure greatly **Larger Assurances** from the first; but, by **Reserving the Surplus** for those who live long enough to secure the Common Fund from loss, will in most cases provide **Eventual Benefits** as large as under the usual system of High Premiums.

That the System has met with popular approval is proved by
ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,
 as shown on the following TABLE—taken from its latest REPORT.

Septennial Progress of the Scottish Provident Institution.

IN PERIODS ENDING 31st DEC.	ASSURANCES EFFECTED.	FUNDS AT THE END OF PERIOD.	INCREASE OF FUNDS.	SURPLUS.	
				NO. OF PAR- TICIPANTS.	AMOUNT. (two-thirds divided)
1845 (8 years)	£942,899	£69,009	£69,009
1852	2,571,328	254,675	185,666	167	£26,159
1859	4,590,300	633,514	378,839	851	79,644
1866	7,525,373	1,245,372	611,858	2492	181,544
1873	12,297,445	2,253,175	1,007,803	4599	376,577
1880	19,695,470	3,913,252	1,660,077	6662	824,473
1887	26,837,043	6,179,746	2,266,494	9384	1,051,035

The FUNDS (increased in year by £387,000) are now £8,200,000.

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June 1888.

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*"Is the Best" and most convenient
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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

SEND FOR SAMPLES, FREE.

	Per doz.	Per doz.
Children's ..	1/2	
Ladies' ..	2 4/5	Hemstitched:
Gent's ..	3/8	Ladies' .. 2 11/12
		Gent's .. 4/11

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per dozen. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2 1/2; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 7/11 each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Initials, &c. Woven and Embroidered. By Special Appointments to the Queen, and the Empress of Germany.

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ROYAL PALACES and the Principal Hotels
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BINS, with separate Rest for each Bottle.
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Manufacturers of Emery, Black Lead, Emery
and Glass Cloths and Papers, &c.
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FIVE GOLD MEDALS. BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

FOR PASTRY, PUDDINGS, TEA-CAKES
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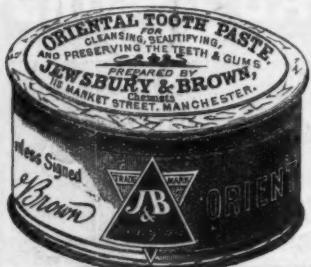
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Oriental Tooth Paste

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1888.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
A DANGEROUS CATSPAW. X.-XII. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY	113
FAT AND FAT-CURES. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON	140
FLIER-WEATHER. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL	158
'JIN.' By Mrs. MUSGRAVE	160
A DAY'S STALKING. By WILLIAM BLACK	173
GIVING AND SAVING. By MTS. HENRY REEVE	186
KARENKA: AN AFRICAN SKETCH. By Miss WERNER	193
LORD WESTBURY. By A. K. H. B.	207
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG	218

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EBONITE BLACKING POLISHING PASTE,

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FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1888.

A Dangerous Catspaw.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY MURRAY.

X.

MR. PRICKETT had risen at an unusually early hour in order to visit Gale's witnesses at Limehouse, and having taken nothing but a cup of coffee before starting, found himself in admirable trim for breakfast. He had put something of a brotherly warmth into his farewell to his recent guest, and now sauntered homeward in the yet fresh air of the August morning with looks full of benevolent cheerfulness, as if his being able to set Gale at liberty had been a joy to him. Mr. Prickett had his residence for convenience' sake within a stone's throw of Scotland Yard, where he occupied apartments in an unobtrusive and even shady thoroughfare. His way thither led him past the District station, and as he sauntered by its portals, a man in seedy habiliments and a white hat emerged upon the street. This personage and Mr. Prickett exchanged a single glance in passing, and the detective's face clouded.

'Oh, Lord!' he groaned under his breath, 'them highlows!'

He went on his way with a certain air of petulance, and reaching home, attacked his breakfast spitefully, spearing his bacon as though it gave him personal offence, and knocking his egg upon the head as if he had long nursed a private grudge against it. He found no joy in the police reports that morning, and the advertisement columns appealed to him in vain.

Whilst he sat there dissatisfied, the maid of all work appeared and announced that a gentleman had called to see him.

‘Ask him his business,’ said Mr. Prickett with unusual asperity.

The girl retired, and after a pause of a minute or two reappeared with the statement that the gentleman had been sent from the Yard by Inspector Johnstone. On this the detective demanded that his visitor should be shown up. The man came in—a burly, country-looking fellow of about thirty, with an apple-cheeked face, a sheepish eye, a pendulous lower lip, and an upstanding peak of hay-coloured hair. His smile was friendly and embarrassed, and for a time his hat seemed a burden to him. He looked about the carpet for a spot to set it on, and having placed it carefully in the middle of a square in the pattern, seemed relieved at first, but in a while repented of his choice, and set it in the middle of another square.

Prickett had pushed his chair away from the table, and had arisen. He stood now before the mantel-piece, filling his pipe from a tobacco-jar, and regarded the new-comer with no favour.

‘Well,’ he said coldly, ‘what do you want?’

‘Ah’ve seen Mr. Johnstone,’ said the visitor in a soft north-country accent, which contrasted strongly with Prickett’s metallic town-bred tones, ‘and he sent me here.’

‘Did he?’ asked Prickett, as if he thought the worse of Johnstone. ‘And what may you want, now you are here?’

‘Ah’ve been in the fo’ce for the last five ‘ear,’ replied his guest, with a disarming smile. ‘Ah’ve had a bit o’ luck in the way o’ business dahn at Manchester, and ah’ve got a week’s holiday. D’ye think, sir, as ah could do anything in London?’

‘Might take a ticket back again,’ Prickett responded drily.

‘Ah’ll wait a while,’ the visitor answered. ‘Ah got a bit o’ brass out o’ that Fielding case, and ah shall stop my week anny way.

‘What had you got to do with the Fielding case?’ demanded Prickett.

‘Nothing, but manage it,’ said the other. The town man stopped with a lighted lucifer half-way to the bowl of his pipe, and looked at him with a new interest.

‘What’s your name, young man?’

‘White’s ma name, Mr. Prickett. James White.’

Mr. Prickett set the match to his pipe, and drew breath thoughtfully, keeping his eyes fixed on his guest.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘maybe it is. You ought to know. But I shouldn’t have thought it.’

At this dubious compliment to his personal aspect James White

smiled with a look of pleased humour. The smile was as keen as his general expression was fatuous.

‘I’m like the young woman in the song, Mr. Prickett,’ he returned. The northern accent had almost disappeared, and his grey eyes twinkled. ‘My face is my fortune, sir, she said.’

‘Sit down, White,’ said Prickett, growing suddenly cordial. ‘I’m glad to see you. If my opinion’s any good to you, there hasn’t been a smarter thing done this three ‘ear than that affair of Fielding’s.’

‘Thank you, Mr. Prickett. I’d sooner have you say that than anybody.’

‘Well, *that’s* very pretty hearing,’ Prickett answered. ‘If you’ve got a frugal mind, and don’t want to waste your time up here, I can make it worth a ten pound note to you.’

‘What’s the office?’ White inquired.

‘You’ve seen the morning papers? Well, I’m on that Wootton Hill job. I’ve got a clue already. I’ve got the tool it was done with, and I know the man as made it. I laid him by the heels last night, but I proved his alibi for him, and I had to let him go. But the tool’s his make, and he knows who he sold it to. Now if the swag was a common handful he mightn’t do more than write and give his pal the tip, but it’s thirty thousand pounds, and he’ll want halves. I’ve had a chap put on to shadow him—a chap as I thought was smart—and I’ll be hanged if I didn’t meet him an hour and a half ago in Holborn paddling down the street in a pair of regulation trotter cases! Everything else as innocent as you please, and the boots to mark him! And he’s after one of the oldest hands in London, and the leariest, bar none!’

‘Well, *that’s* a greenhorn’s trick, *to* be sure,’ said White.

‘Green?’ returned Prickett, disgustedly. ‘Water-cresses ain’t in it. Now maybe, White, you may think it’s Irish promotion to be put on to sneaking after the Fielding record, but I tell you,’ he leaned forward to make this more impressive, and tapped his companion’s knee with the tip of the pipe he was smoking, ‘the man that undertakes to shadow Reuben Gale, and does it—and does it, mind you—does as smart a piece of work as the smartest man might ask to be put on to. I’d take it on myself, but he knows me like his own born brother.’

‘What I want is a London chance, Mr. Prickett,’ said the visitor.

‘Well, you’ve got it,’ Prickett answered, ‘but you’ve got to know your man. To look at him, and talk to him, you’d think him as mild and harmless as a baby. He’s as deep as Garrick, and

as cruel as the devil. He don't know how to be afraid of anything or anybody. He's very near done murder once, and if he thought it needful he'd put a bullet in you as lieve as look at you.'

'I read the case you was in with him,' said White. 'That was pretty desperate. I suppose there was no doubt he done it?'

'Doubt?' cried Prickett, with a sudden wrathful flash. 'Never mind,' he added. 'There's a fresh hand dealt out, and we'll see who's got the cards. You can settle on to this job at once, White, if you care to take it. You know London? All right. Stroll down Holborn past Chancery Lane, till you come to the Stamford Castle, licensed house, left-hand side. Gale's place is opposite—sign over the window—tool-maker's shop. You'll find a chap there, reddish moustache, white hat, pretty battered. You'll know him by them thundering boots. "Bacon," says you, and if he answers "Beans," you ask him "French?" He says "Broad," and he knows he's off and you know you're on. Wait a bit. I've got three full-length portraits of Mr. Reuben—front, back, and profile. You'll know *him* again, I reckon?'

'Know him? Know him anywheres. Where shall I find you if I pick up anything?'

'Wire to the Yard. And now you'd better get off, for there's no knowing how soon he'll start. The closer you can stick to him the better. I wouldn't have him draw a breath unwatched if I could help it, but don't you try to overdo it. He'll give you clean away, if you offer him a shadow of a chance.'

'I'll do my best, Mr. Prickett,' the recruit answered quietly, and with that he departed.

'That's better,' mused Prickett, when he was left alone again. 'It's a vallyble gift, such a mug as that chap's got. He's almost as big a sell as Reuben himself. Lord! how people do go round letting 'emselves be took in by faces, to be sure!'

He sat for a while thinking hard, with his forehead drawn into a tense knot between the eyebrows, and then rousing himself, went out to despatch a telegram to Wyneott Esden.

'Found clue. Following it. Let me know when girl Grainger can be spoken to.—PRICKETT, Scotland Yard.'

This done, he sought the divisional surgeon, who dispersed his doubts about agraphia and aphasia.

'If Dr. Elphinstone reads the case in that way, Prickett,' said the surgeon, 'you may be sure he's right. He was a famous nerve specialist when he retired from practice.'

For the time being there was nothing more to be done, but

Mr. Prickett was accustomed to the conduct of enterprises which demanded patience, and he was a master in the great art of waiting. This time his energies were not long unemployed, for before midday a man came up from the Yard bearing a telegram from Wootton Hill which asked his immediate presence there.

On his arrival he found the full family conclave assembled. Everybody except Wyncott appeared mightily serious, but the barrister wore a look of amusement.

‘This,’ he said to Prickett, handing him a broken envelope, ‘arrived this morning. We want your opinion on it.’

Prickett took the envelope and inspected it gravely. Then he drew from it a soiled and crumpled sheet of paper and silently perused its contents.

‘Respected Miss,’ the letter ran. ‘Greived I am to the coare to aknolige, that my onely son was in this days crime the stones is now in his, position thuogh long a burdin to a fathers hart i had not lookt to find him gloting on illgott ganes. he say respected miss Thuogh of good education he will nott yeild to A father’s prairis & ristoir the objecks of his crim without soMe ricomphence. he wil take a thousan and cryquits if agreeable respected miss in tomorrow standards Agny collumn say this is square to

A GREIVING FATHER.’

Prickett stood examining this singular document for some time after it was evident that he had read it through.

‘Well, Prickett,’ said Wyncott, smilingly. ‘What do you think about it?’

‘I think a good many things about it, sir,’ he answered. ‘It’s *bond fide* up to a certain point. The parties it comes from have got the stones, because this was posted in London last night, before anybody but us here knew as the robbery had been committed. But outside that the letter’s a flam.’

‘What do you mean by that, Mr. Prickett?’ Janet asked him.

‘Why, miss,’ he answered, ‘if you’ll take a careful look at it you’ll find the paper’s been soiled and crumpled after it was wrote upon. You can’t write on paper that’s crumpled as much as that without the pen being a bit guided by the creases. These stains ain’t natural dirt. They’re coffee, they are, and they’re put on afterwards. You can see where they’ve run the ink a little.’

‘But what does all that lead to in your mind?’ she asked.

‘It leads,’ he answered, ‘to this, miss. The party that wrote

this is trying to look ignorant and poor. It's a false hand to a certainty. A party as was really poor wouldn't want to take pains to show it. "Education," "without," "father," and "respected" is all spelt properly. A man wouldn't be likely to spell "recompense" like this person does and then know how to spell 'education.' He's watered his ink, you notice. I should say that letter was wrote by a man better up in the world than he pretends, that the bad spelling was done a-purpose, and that it was wrote in these printing letters with the left hand.'

'That's very shrewd criticism, Prickett,' said Wyncott, 'and I'm very much of your opinion. But it's apart from the main question. These people—providing that either grieving father or errant son is not a fiction—have certainly got the jewels. Now Miss Pharr is quite willing to pay the sum mentioned here to get them back again.'

'Well,' returned Prickett, speaking with an air of weight and solemnity, 'if Miss Pharr will listen to my opinion she won't do anything of the sort at present.'

'My dear Prickett,' said Wyncott, his sense of social superiority seeming to assert itself for the first time, 'you must not think too much of your own side in this matter. I advised last night'—he turned to Miss Pharr and addressed himself to her—'that a reward should be offered, and in Mr. Prickett's presence I proposed that it should be large enough to induce the thief to return the property. Now it would be obviously to Mr. Prickett's advantage to keep the inquiry open, but I must ask him to remember that it is obviously to yours to close it.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Esden,' said Prickett, 'but I don't see that. Why do these parties write to Miss Pharr? Because your guess last night was right. It's been done for the reward. These people's pressed for money. The way the job was done showed they was new to the game. Anything more clumsy and unworkmanlike I never saw. This letter shows that they don't know what to do with the jewels now they've got 'em. A hand as knew his way about could make five thousand certain. Give 'em rope and they'll hang themselves. They'll be trying to get 'em on the market, and we shall have 'em.'

'But, Mr. Prickett,' cried Janet, appealingly, 'I don't *want* a prosecution if I can avoid it. You must not mind my telling you how I feel. It was all through my wicked vanity and folly that these poor people were tempted. If I can only get the jewels back at the cost of a thousand pounds I shall be too glad.'

And perhaps if the poor wretches had a sum like that it would place them beyond temptation.'

Mr. Prickett's smile at this was compounded of respectful admiration, pity, and superior knowledge.

'You don't mean to say, miss, that you're took in by this here grieving father business? That's chaff, that is, miss; mere impudence, and pretty cheeky, too.'

'Oh!' said Janet, 'I should be sorry to think so.'

'Excuse me, miss,' returned Mr. Prickett, with an air almost fatherly, 'but I should be very sorry not to think so. I should pretty soon have to look out for another profession if I did.'

'The Scotland Yard theory o' human nature in a case like this,' said Elphinstone, 'is likely to be as just as your own, Janet, if it isn't quite as gen'rous.'

'Well, now, ladies and gentlemen,' said Prickett, in his most businesslike voice and manner, 'I wired this morning that I'd got a clue. As a matter of fact, it's a clue as it would be a crime to waste. I didn't mean to show it yet, because I wanted to make it as complete as I could.' He unbuttoned his frock coat slowly as he spoke. 'But still it's good enough to go on. There it is. That's the tool the job was done with.'

He moved towards the table and made as if he would lay the tool upon it, but Wyncott, advancing, took it from his hand. The eyes of the two men met, strangely; Esden's dilated, Prickett's half closed with a swift yet unperturbed inquiry. Then the barrister took the leather-clad bit of steel in a hand so eager that it shook like a vibrating spring.

'What's that mean?' said Prickett's eyes, but he talked on without interruption. 'I know the man that made it, and he knows the party he parted with it to.' Wyncott walked towards the window with the tool in his hand, examining it by the way. Standing at the window he cleared his throat with a dry cough. 'When I tell Mr. Wyncott Esden that Reuben Gale's the man as made it he'll know the kind of party that we've got to deal with. He's a man as would sell his mother for a sovereign if he couldn't get a guinea for her, but he'd hold out for the guinea. He won't say anything yet because he's waiting for a reward to be offered, but he promised me this morning he'd think about it. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you oblige me to open up my mind. If Reuben Gale once gets into the swim with the thieves he'll know what to do with the property. He'll cry halves, get the stones cut, and get 'em on the market with next to no trouble. If you

commission me to buy him before he can get at the others you may see your own again, but if you give him time to move it's all over.'

'How do you know,' Wyncott demanded, returning from his place by the window, 'that this is the tool?'

'It answers to the marks, sir,' returned Prickett.

'Have you tried it?' Wyncott asked.

'No, sir. I had no need to. We'll try it if you like.'

The two left the room and went upstairs together. During their absence Elphinstone addressed himself to Janet.

'Were I in your place, my dear,' he said, 'I'd just leave myself in the hands o' the constituted authority. I've formed a high opinion of this detective fellow. He knows his business.'

'I suppose,' Janet answered, with a rueful little laugh, 'that we must cease to believe in the grieving father.'

'I think,' said Elphinstone, 'you'd better leave Mr. Prickett to dry *his* tears. He'll certainly wipe his eye if he get the chance.' This tiny jest was a little out of the doctor's ordinary way. He seemed to feel a lively joy in it—perhaps because of its very rarity—and rubbed his hands and twinkled with an unusual complacency.

'Prickett's right,' called Wyncott from the hall before he reached the doorway. 'This is undoubtedly the tool with which the burglary was committed.' He entered talking, and his manner was brisk and even a little excited. 'The man who made this tool,' he said, 'is a client of mine, and only the other day I got him out of a very serious position. He was very grateful. I positively had the pleasure of dining with him after his acquittal.'

'Wyncott!' in a tone of extreme astonishment from the old lady.

'Indeed I had! He came and sat down at the same table with me at the Cock tavern. He wanted to give me fifty pounds for my successful defence of him. I think I may have some influence with him, and I am going to propose that Prickett and I should see him together, and see what we can get out of him.'

'There's something in that,' said Prickett, with his head poised thoughtfully on one side. 'There may be somebody behind Reuben Gale to talk to, and if there should be, the parties won't come anigh me. It'd be just as natural to expect the crows to come and talk with the boy as carries the gun.'

'If Miss Pharr,' said Esden, brightly and eagerly, 'would entrust Mr. Prickett and myself to negotiate with this man Gale,

we might, perhaps, save the jewels altogether. It would be the depth of weakness to pay the money to the actual criminals.'

'You have *carte blanche*, Mr. Esden,' cried Janet. 'But pray do all you can to avoid a prosecution.'

'You hear that, Prickett?' said Wyncott. 'We'll get up by the next train together and see what we can do.'

It turned out that there was no train for an hour, and in the interval Wyncott seemed consumed by an eager restlessness. He insisted on carrying Prickett off with him, that he might learn the precise spot at which the tool was found. Returning, with still nearly an hour to spare, he ran upstairs to pack his bag, and came down with it in a great hurry as if he had not a moment to waste.

'Ye're going to this business like a sleuthhound, Wyncott,' said the doctor. 'I saw ye last night, my man.'

'Saw me?' asked Wyncott, turning swiftly on him. 'Saw me where?'

'Upon ma word, Janet,' said Elphinstone, humorously, 'he's ashamed of his professional instincts. I watched 'm in the moonlight for an hour last night, racing to and fro for all the world like a dog hunting a lost scent.'

'I beg pardon, sir,' said Prickett, 'but how about that young woman?'

'Nothing to be done with her as yet,' returned the doctor. 'That's an odd affair altogether. She'll do no earthly thing but weep, and we can't get her to take her meals.'

'She thinks herself suspected,' said the heiress, 'and she is wild at not being able to explain herself.'

'I dare say that's how it is, Miss,' responded Prickett, with an unfathomable face.

XI.

As Wyncott Esden and Mr. Prickett drove out of Chancery Lane into Holborn, the detective suddenly thrust a hand through the trap-door overhead and arrested the hansom.

'We've passed our man,' he said, as he alighted and tendered a shilling to the driver. 'He's been out of town—got country dust on his boots.'

In effect, Mr. Gale was walking towards them, at a distance of not more than a score yards. His head was sunk in thought, and he carried his thumb at his lips. As he came near they saw that his teeth were working at the nail, and he was evidently in a

brown study. Prickett drew back to let him pass, and Gale went by unobserving.

‘Reuben,’ said the detective quietly. He paused and turned at this, with his mild brown eyes full on Prickett’s face. A second later he caught sight of Wyncott and gave a start, but recovering himself in a second touched his hat. ‘I want another word or two with you,’ said Prickett. ‘Where shall we have it?’

‘I’m close at home, sir, as you know,’ Gale answered civilly, ‘and at your service.’

The three filed into the dingy shop, Esden leading, and Gale stepping politely on one side until his visitors had entered. A boy stood behind the counter, and the honest tradesman casting a glance at him remarked that they could be private in his back room if they would have the goodness to go on. He threw open a door and again stood by to allow his guests to pass.

‘While these gentlemen is here,’ he said to the boy, ‘I’m not to be disturbed on no account.’

‘Very well, sir,’ said the boy, with an awestruck eye on Prickett, whose earlier acquaintance with his employer had made him memorable.

‘Now, Gale,’ began Esden when the door was closed, ‘I dare say you can give a guess as to what brings us here.’

‘Well, p’raps I might be able to give a guess, sir,’ Gale responded, with a waiting look.

‘Prickett has told me everything that passed last night and this morning,’ said Wyncott. He was very persuasively business-like in tone and manner. ‘You’ve had time to think it over. Now, was that tool of your making?’

‘Mr. Esden,’ said Gale, with his quiet ox-like eye upturned towards him; ‘I look to be dealt fair with, and so far as I can go you can reckon as I’m with you.’

‘Come,’ said Wyncott, turning with a quick sigh on Prickett, ‘that will do! Well, Gale?’

‘The tool’s my make, sir, right enough. It’s like this, Mr. Prickett. I’ve made three tools on that pattern and disposed of all of ‘em. I’ve been to the parties as had the two first, and they’ve still got ‘em. I haven’t had a chance for a talk with the third party, but I’ve dropped him a ‘int, and I think I may be able to get a word with him to-night.’

‘Well, Gale,’ returned Esden, ‘I suppose it’s of no use trying to spur you beyond the pace you are resolved to go at.’

‘I can’t go no faster, sir,’ Gale answered, ‘but I think I shall get there.’

‘Mind you, Reuben,’ interposed Mr. Prickett, ‘this ain’t a Dutch auction.’

‘Dutch auction, Mr. Prickett?’ Gale asked, with an almost superfluous air of innocence.

‘You don’t want two strings to your bow,’ said Prickett, interpreting one parable by another.

‘I shall make it my business, Gale,’ said Wyncott, ‘to see that you are dealt with generously in this matter if you are loyal. You owe me something. I think I have a little claim on you already.’

‘Mr. Esden,’ Gale responded, ‘deal square with me, sir, and I’m firm. But I must make a bargain with you gentlemen. I mustn’t be shadowed, Mr. Prickett. I’m game to lend an’ elping’ and in this affair, because Mr. Wyncott Esden’s in it, but I ain’t going to plant Scotland Yard on a man as may have something else agen him, and yet be innocent of this.’

‘Well, Prickett,’ said Esden, ‘can you see your way to that?’

‘I’d give something to be inside your head for half a minute, Reuben,’ said Prickett, shaking his own head doubtfully.

‘Well, gentlemen,’ Gale answered, with his amiable wheeze, ‘if I got that promise I should know as I could trust it. Without it I shan’t move a foot.’

‘Very well, then,’ said Prickett, resigning himself to the inevitable with a grave alacrity, ‘you must have it.’

‘Have I got it?’ inquired Gale.

‘You’ve got it till twelve o’clock, midday, to-morrow,’ Prickett responded. ‘After that——’ He rose, nodded, and put his hat on.

‘Nothing more to be said at present, then?’ asked Wyncott, rising. ‘It will be safer for you, Gale, to bring what information you may get to me rather than to Prickett. You won’t want to be seen in communication with the police. I shall be in my chambers from ten to twelve to-night.’

Prickett acquiescing in this arrangement, the barrister and he went away together. Gale, left alone, sat with a look of deep wonderment, and nodded to himself repeatedly.

‘This,’ he said at last, with a long slow breath, ‘beats all.’

His thoughts so worked upon him that he arose involuntarily and without knowledge, and went pacing to and fro within the limited confines of his room, with his hands tucked under the skirts of his respectable frock coat, and his face knit in a profound perplexity. Suddenly a swift step sounded in the shop, the

door opened, and Wyncott Esden stood before him with a face like chalk. Gale looking silently at him dropped into a chair, waved Esden to another, and went as impassive as Death, straightway. Esden closed the door and stood with one hand on the chair Gale had indicated. There was silence for a full minute.

‘Well!’ said Esden, harshly. He spoke as if there were ashes in his throat.

‘Well, sir?’ said Gale.

‘Damn it, man, speak out!’ said Esden, passionately. ‘What do you know?’

‘Well, sir,’ Gale answered, not losing his smooth humility for a moment, ‘I think I know enough. I’ve covered a good deal of ground to-day, Mr. Esden.’ His mild brown eyes looked deference and his voice was huskily confidential and plaintive. ‘I’ll tell you what I’ve done, sir. First of all I went to your chambers and found as you was out. Then I went down to Wootton ’Ill, sir, and had five minutes’ conversation along with the station master. I found out as you come up to town yesterday by the one thirty-five, and went down again by the train as got there at eight three. Then I walked on to Hemsleigh, and learned as a gentleman paid excess fare from Wootton ’Ill by the four twenty-seven. He carried a black bag, and he started off across the fields towards Wootton. Then I walked back as far as Sandy Park, which is the next station to Wootton on the London side, and I found as the same gentleman had took the up-train at five thirty —the trains fitting in beautiful. Per’aps you may recall, sir, as the three station dodge was a point against me on my trial. You smoothed it over very pretty, that time.’

‘Well,’ said Esden, his colour coming and going, and his voice sounding strange in his own ears. ‘What does all this come to?’

‘Why, I think, Mr. Esden, sir, it comes to halves,’ Gale answered. ‘You see, sir, the jewels is said to be worth from thirty to forty thousand pounds. Of course it ain’t to be supposed, sir, as they’re worth that to us. We might realise anything on ’em, from four to six.’

‘Perhaps we might,’ said Esden. ‘We shall not, as it happens.’

‘No, sir?’ asked Gale, in a respectful wonder. ‘Why not, sir?’

‘Unlimited loo makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, Mr. Gale,’ said Esden. ‘If anybody had told me thirty hours ago that I should wish to justify to you any business intention I might form, I should have been amused at the prophecy.’

‘I follow that, sir,’ said Gale, in his respectful way.

'Since we are made partakers in the same iniquity,' Esden continued, with a badinage so bitter that it made him loathsome to himself, 'I may as well open my mind to you. I will offer you that full and perfect candour which if our positions were again reversed you would deny to me. I did this job—I believe that is the professional phrase, but you will forgive an amateur for any possible partial lapse into respectable English—I did this job for a special reason of my own. I happened to be particularly hard up for money, and I did it for the reward. If you suppose that your knowledge will drive me one inch beyond my original purpose, you are very much mistaken. At the worst I can send the jewels back again, and make a run for it. My friends will make no scandal, and I shall not be followed.'

'Well, you know, sir,' said Gale, with a gently argumentative reluctance, 'it's simply chucking money away. I know my way about, sir, and I could get them jewels cut and get 'em on the market as safe and easy as kiss my hand.'

'Your experience and ingenuity will not be called into play this time, Mr. Gale,' responded Esden. The bestial flavours of detection so stirred his gorge, that he was sick at the very soul with pangs which felt almost mortal. He needed his verbose and elaborated sneers for medicine. They yielded another sort of shame and pain, and so half solaced the first.

'Very good, sir,' Gale answered. 'I should like to know if any steps has yet been took, sir. Will you take a seat, Mr. Esden? Mr. Prickett was talking about the reward being made pretty large. He mentioned it this morning, sir.'

'This epistle,' said Esden, producing the 'grieving father's' letter and throwing it on the table, 'reached the owner of the gems this morning.'

Gale stretched out a knotted hand and took up the letter clumsily. He read it through with painstaking and looked up with a grin. Esden had never seen him smile before, and the honest tradesman's mirth brought him a new repulsion. Gale had lost some half-dozen of his front teeth, and his half-obliterated eyes, and creased cheeks, and gap-toothed grin, made him quite ghastly. He looked like some horrible old gargoyle, and Esden, staring at him, got his first intuition of the personality which lay below that humble and smooth exterior.

'That's clever, Mr. Esden,' said Gale, 'that's very clever, sir, and I don't know as we could find a better line to go on. Won't you sit down, sir? I shall make a point of coming to see you to-

night, sir, notwithstanding this little talk. It'll be safest, don't you see, sir, in case anything might turn up afterwards to show that I hadn't been anigh you. In the meantime I shall make a call at a likely house I know, as if I was making inquiries.'

'Do you think,' asked Esden, looking nervously over his shoulder, 'that you're being watched? Do you think Prickett will break his promise?'

'Oh, dear, no, sir,' Gale answered. 'Mr. Prickett's square, sir. He's passed his word, and he'll keep it. Every officer of his experience, sir, has had to make this kind of compromise. But I shall make the two calls all the same, Mr. Esden, and I shall take care to be able to prove hereafter as I made 'em. No unnecessary risk has allays been my motto, sir.'

'Do you know, Mr. Gale,' said Esden, 'that your chance collaboration in this affair will make it very difficult for me to be honest?'

'Will it, sir?' Gale asked, with no betrayal of surprise or humour. 'As how, sir?'

'I shall have to work pretty hard to scrape together your five hundred,' answered Esden. 'You will understand, if you please, that I am not a thief. I am merely a borrower—upon lines which I admit to be eccentric. Every shilling of this money will be repaid.'

'Well, sir,' said Gale, with an air of reflection and allowance, 'I can understand as a gentleman may feel that way. I'll make that little call, sir, for the look of the thing, and I'll be with you to-night at ten. I've had a fatiguing day, sir, and I'd rather get it over early. Then you can go on, sir, and take my information to Mr. Prickett. "Gale," you says, "has screwed it all out of the man he sold the tool to. That man," you says, "is the same as the grieving father. Gale," you says, "undertakes to have back the jewels in four-and-twenty hours from now if the advertisement goes into to-morrow morning's paper. As for Gale," you says, "he can be trusted to make his own terms with the grieving father." Beyond that,' he added, rising from his seat, 'I don't fancy there's anything to be said at present, Mr. Esden. The wool seems drawn pretty well down over Joseph Prickett's eyes this time, and I don't say but what the money's pretty easy earned.'

And with that these oddly-assorted confederates separated for the time.

Meanwhile Mr. Prickett, having parted from his amateur associate, strolled to the District station and there gave instructions for the relief of Gale's watcher. He left word that no new watch

should be established until further orders, and that White should follow him at once to his apartments. Then he walked home-wards, musing with some sense of disappointment on the turn affairs had taken.

‘That thousand pounds,’ he thought, ‘would have looked as pretty in my pocket as it will in anybody else’s.’

The money question apart, he was grieved to be taken off the chase. The man-hunting instinct had grown to be very much a passion with him.

‘I could have had that grieving father,’ so he pondered, ‘and consoled him, if ten years’ honest labour could ha’ done it. Reuben was certain to go palavering with him. I should have had Reuben, too. It’s decidedly a pity. It’s a nice job spoiled.’

Carrying the weight of his disappointment with him, he walked home so slowly that White entered almost on his heels. The recruit did not seem to think it needful to continue his countrified pretence.

‘Well?’ said Prickett, by way of sole inquiry.

‘Mr. Gale,’ returned White, with his deliberate north-country tones a little quickened, ‘has been showing me a very pretty run o’ country. P’raps I’d better give you the day as it passed, Mr. Prickett.’

Prickett nodding in answer, White produced a small pocket-book, and turned its pages over with a moistened thumb until he found the place he wanted. His chief leaned against the mantel-piece with his hands in his pockets, and listened with a dry, uninterested air.

‘I went on at seven to eleven,’ said White, consulting his notes from time to time. ‘Three minutes after, Gale comes out and makes for the Temple, number nine, Elm Court. He mounts to the top o’ the staircase, and raps two or three times. Then he comes down and asks an old woman with a mop and a pail o’ water if Mr. Wyncott Esden’s in town. There was the name of Wyncott Esden on the door-post.’

‘Go on,’ said Prickett. He drew a pen-knife from his waist-coat, and began to trim his nails with it, with a variety of head turnings and minute inspections.

‘Next,’ pursued the northerner, purring equably along, ‘he goes to Charing Cross station and takes train for Wootton Hill.’

When Mr. Prickett was interested that look he wore of being unsurprisable always deepened. It deepened now, and he looked up at his companion with a face set like a mask.

'At Wootton Hill,' White went on, 'Gale had five minutes' talk with station master, and then struck out across the fields. It occurred to me that it might be worth while to know what he knew, so I took a turn at station master myself. He was a bit rusty at first, and I had to tell him it was Queen's business. That oiled him, and he told me Gale had been making inquiries about Mr. Wyncott Esden.'

'Oh!' said Prickett. 'What did he want to know about Mr. Wyncott Esden?'

'He wanted to know what train he went up by, and what train down by, yesterday. Station master told him one twenty-five and eight three. Then Gale asked for the next station down the line. He was told it was called Hemsleigh, and had the way pointed out. I nips after him—very pretty walk, shaded mostly—and Gale gets into confab with station master at Hemsleigh.'

'What about this time?' asked Prickett, making a pretence of yawning behind his hand.

'Gale had been asking after a gentleman, clean shaved, eye-glass, very swell and handsome. Prob'lly wore a white hat, white wescut, and primrose gloves, he said. Station master told him there had been such a gentleman yesterday, by the four twenty-seven. Carried a black bag, and paid excess fare first-class from Wootton Hill. Gave up Wootton Hill ticket. Seemed to have overshot the mark, and started back on it.'

'Do you know what?' said Prickett, turning to the mantelpiece to fill his pipe, and casting a backward glance on White meanwhile, 'you're a starting me on the queerest—— Never mind. I'll tell you after. Go on.'

'Gale found out as the same gentleman was back at Hemsleigh last night, asking if any suspicious character was seen about with a parcel that afternoon.'

'James White,' said Prickett, turning round and stuffing the tobacco into the pipe bowl with a slow and somewhat exaggerated energy, 'you're a man as has seen something. So am I. But all we've seen between us, if it was rolled into a heap, wouldn't make a molehill by the side of this. Jim along. What's the next move?'

'Gale asked for the next station on the London route, beyond Wootton Hill. Sandy Park. Got sent across the fields. Short cut. About three mile. Same story over again. Same gentleman took the five thirty up train. That seemed to finish Gale's inquiries. He took the next train for London, and I come with him in another coach.'

‘That’s all right,’ said Prickett. ‘You shadowed him home again, of course?’

‘Yes.’

‘You saw me with him after? Anybody call on him between whiles?’

‘No. You caught him on the way, seemingly. He dropped in at a pub in Chancery Lane, and took a glass of beer very slow and thoughtful. Took nearly an hour over it.’

‘Anybody call on him after I came away?’

‘The gentleman you went in with came back again.’

‘No?’ cried Prickett, in a tone of intensest humorous relish.

‘You don’t mean to say as he went back again?’

‘Went back, looking pretty queer and shaky,’ White responded.

‘Stopped about ten minutes, maybe, and then come out again looking as if he’d had the ‘orrors.’

‘Do you think Gale spotted you at all?’ Prickett asked.

‘Never set eyes on me but once, so far as I believe. Platform at Sandy Park.’

‘Well,’ said Prickett, with an unusually smiling and amiable air, ‘I promised Gale I wouldn’t have him shadowed. I think I will though, now I come to think about it. And I fancy as I shall reconcile my conscience pretty easy too.’

‘You want me to go on again?’ White asked.

‘Yes,’ his superior answered, ‘you’d best get back again.’

When White had disappeared Prickett fell to marching up and down the room, and paused now and again to rub his hands with thoughtful satisfaction.

‘I couldn’t understand Reuben’s face one bit,’ he murmured. ‘I can make it out better now. He was just full to the bung with admiration of that young amateur’s frozen cheek in running along with me. Why, it’s a real pleasure to have a pair like that to deal with. Lord love you, Mr. Wyncott Esden, we *shall* have them chesnuts out o’ the fire, but we shall have to wait to see whose paws gets burned. It’s a bit of a pity, too, to see a smart young chap like that fooling his chances away. Of course he does it very clever, but what’s the use of playing good whist when all the cards is against you?’

XII.

When Wyncott Esden left Gale’s shop he walked on blindly for a little while, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he bent his steps. His whole system of things had gone suddenly to

pieces, and the crash with which it had come about his ears bewildered him. It is necessary to have some sort of scheme to live in. A world of no principle, if it lasted but an hour, would bring madness to its occupant. Indeed, the total absence of a scheme could hardly mean less than death, for a madman's mental plan is only distorted.

As a matter of fact, Esden was one of those people to whom their own good opinion is second as an actual necessity of comfort to the applause of others. He had given himself ample occasion to think otherwise, and yet at bottom he had always been somehow convinced that he was a man of delicate honour. If he had been wealthy he would have gone to the grave in that belief. And even though his sense of honour had never been so inelastic as he thought it, he had certainly never stretched it dangerously to his own opinion until yesterday.

He had not been altogether comfortable about J. P.'s affair. He had employed his most charming and friendly eloquence to entrap that feeble creature, but his glib arguments had appeared less convincing to himself than they had appeared to his confiding victim. Even in the moment of his triumph he had not found it in his heart to be proud of his victory. He had felt it to be a little unworthy of him, too easy a game, as if a grown man should have set his wits to the conquest of a child.

Now, beginning bit by bit to reconstruct his shattered habitat, he thought it quite bitter to remember that what was best and kindest in him had lured him to this intolerable abyss of self-contempt. But for his pity for that weak-backed scapegoat he could never have taken the plunge. He had meant, of course, to take it with little harm to himself. Standing on the solid rock of honour he saw the waters of shame before him, and beyond them another shelf of solid honour, a little lower down, perhaps, but lofty enough to afford dryshod going, and useful for all practical purposes. He was but to have taken a dip and out again. He had certainly not counted on being forcibly made free of the Dismal Swamp by any monster native to it.

There are few things more curious in this strange world than the complete blindness which afflicts the shrewdest men when they survey the manifestations of their own character. If Esden's temptation had crossed him under circumstances which would have prevented it from becoming more than a remote speculation, he would have been honestly indignant at the notion that it could ever have developed into a temptation at all. But when he had entrapped J. P. into signing that bill he had known himself guilty of a meanness. The proceeds of that bill had gone to pay liabili-

ties meanly accumulated, for it is not the act of a man of honour to incur gambling debts beyond his power to meet. These infractions of his ideal had each cost him a twinge of conscience, but they had not seriously shaken his belief in himself as a man of honour. That facile mind of his, and his quick adaptiveness, had reconciled him to himself in almost no time, and even when he had descended to the depth of appropriating Miss Pharr's property, the act was hardly an hour old before he had begun to justify himself.

Five minutes before its accomplishment the deed was not so much as dreamt of. He had missed Wootton Hill by pure accident, absorbed in painful thought. The Boomer would have been a safe draw if he could have found him, but malicious fate had ordered otherwise, and he saw nothing before him but ruin and exposure. J. P. would talk, the affair would come to the ears of Mrs. Wyncott, Miss Pharr would learn of it, the golden visions of the last few days would crumble. He had taken his way across the fields from Hemsleigh in a state of almost absolute despair.

Whatever Wyncott Esden wanted he wanted very much indeed, and he always wanted it at once. He had been used to consider this characteristic in himself as a sign of mental concentration, an evidence of force. It lent a certain wild impatience to his wishes, and really did justify his opinion of it at times because it spurred him on to their accomplishment. It brought an added misery to him now, and he dashed himself against the bars which he had himself so painstakingly forged and fixed.

When he reached the house, he had seen its inhabitants gathered upon the lawn, and the memory of that accursed tool of Gale's, and the fact that the jewels lay so easily within his reach, had come upon him with a rush which was at once horrible and irresistible. There was something altogether diabolical, he thought afterwards, in the manner in which the temptation was thrown into his way, and in which all obstacles to the crime seemed removed. He would not rob Miss Pharr. Honestly, from the very bottom of his soul, he recoiled from the mere thought of it. How could a man of his birth and breeding endure to be a thief? But with the jewels in his hands he could extract a loan, which should take the shape of a reward. He would repay it scrupulously, every farthing. The case was desperate—the time was brief. Almost before he knew it, he was slinking guiltily under the shelter of the hedges with the stolen jewels in his dressing-bag. No, no. Not stolen. Borrowed!

He got back to his chambers in London in a mad whirl of

shame and guilt, and triumph and fear. The reflection of his own face in the glass there horrified him, and he had to spend an hour in an effort so intent that at times it grew hysterical, to control his shaken nerves. After all, he found his natural mental processes his own best medicine. There had been no theft, but merely an abstraction. The jewels would go back again when the reward was paid. His very dexterity in rescuing them would count with the heiress as a point in his favour. Then, whatever sum might be saved after the payment of his most pressing obligations, should be rigorously hoarded. He was rising fast, and after his successes of last term would be able to command in reasonable measure the prices of the brain-market. He resolved to live like an anchorite, and to work as he had never worked before.

Anyway, the thing was done, and of all follies in the world that of crying over spilt milk is the least profitable. He wrestled with his self-contempt as he had done aforetime, and almost persuaded himself that he was blameless. He was even conscious of a vague but irritating impatience with some half-apprehended outside personage who was too stupid to agree with him. Once more to change the simile, he had embarked upon a comfortless voyage, but the sea looked likely to be smooth enough, and anyhow—*vogue la galère!*

The discovery that he had lost one-half the tool shook him a good deal, but he remembered the course he had taken across country to Sandy Park, and determined to hunt for it. Even if he did not find it there was nothing in it to connect him with the crime. Whatever other defects marred his character, he told himself that he suffered from no want of courage. It would be quite time to be afraid of danger when it loomed in sight. When he wrote the grieving parent's letter, and smeared and crumpled the paper afterwards, he was sensible of a certain grim humour in the situation, and he accepted this as a sense of self-possession and sang-froid. He resolved to get himself entrusted with the negotiation, and the thought that he would not find the other party difficult to deal with, actually made him smile. There was a flavour of bitterness in it all, but the thing, being begun, had to be gone through with, and in a few months he would buy back his own good opinion by repaying the money. The loan was informally negotiated, to be sure, but as for calling it a theft, or being too hard upon himself in his own judgment, that was mere weakness.

Upon these lines he had compounded with his own nature easily enough, but his enforced partnership with Gale was horrible.

Gale was a low scoundrel, an habitual criminal, and but that Wyncott had seasoned his loathing of him by a humorous contempt, he would have found his first private interview with the rascal scarcely tolerable. And now that his partnership with Gale made his own plan doubly difficult, there were moments when it seemed less impossible to return the jewels and plead for terms with the people whose confidence he had outraged than to consummate this hideous marriage of interest. Gale's partnership made the whole thing look like a maniac's nightmare.

But as he walked his numbed mind began to move again. The ignoble comedy of which he was to have been the sole actor and the only audience had to be played out to the end, with all possible changes of part and cast. But, he began to ask himself, after all, did Gale's knowledge greatly matter? The reward would certainly have to be shared with him, and it would need a proportionately longer time to repay Miss Pharr. He was in the fellow's hands to that extent, but when Gale had once got his share of the reward their connection would be ended, and the mere opinion of such a brute could matter little. This affair once concluded, they would never meet again. He would suffer no intimacy, and endure no further extortion. It was likely enough that Gale might threaten, but he could only hurt Esden by incriminating himself. Things were not so very bad after all.

By the time he had arrived at this characteristic summary of the situation he found himself at the Marble Arch. He called a cab, was driven to his club, and dined there. He was a great favourite there, as elsewhere, and half the clubmen who still remained in town felicitated him on his conduct of his last case. It had been a good deal of a *cause célèbre*, and one or two of the daily papers had given Esden high credit for his share in it. He had been hailed as a rising luminary, and it had been prophesied of him that he would shine afar. What with the society of his intimates, a bottle of sound claret, and his own practised power of ejecting disagreeable thoughts, he grew quite jolly and voluble, and at last drove off in a feverish heat of factitious high spirits to keep his appointment with Gale. This brief respite brought its inevitable reaction, and he felt wretched enough as he mounted his staircase in Elm Court, and lit the gas in his sitting-room.

He closed the inner door, and then, stepping with exaggerated caution, went into his bedroom and drew down the blinds. Returning, he lit a candle, and shading the light with his hand stole back to the bedroom, glancing involuntarily from left to right as

if in dread of some hidden presence. Then, setting the candle on a chest of drawers, he unlocked the great travelling-trunk in which he had deposited the jewels. His heart knocked at his ribs, and his hands shook as they groped their way past many neatly-folded articles of clothing until they reached the bottom of the trunk. Then he gave a sudden gasping cry, and fell to emptying the chest so wildly that he covered half the floor of the room with its scattered contents. The plain morocco case was gone!

How long he knelt there he could not have told. He seemed blind and dumb and altogether empty, and when he first came back to himself he was sweating and trembling from head to foot, and ragged patches of variously coloured light were floating before his eyes. Slowly as these fiery patches faded one fixed object impressed itself upon his senses. It fascinated him even before he recognised its nature. He took it with a shaking hand. An envelope. There were marks upon it. He read them slowly, and their meaning penetrated slowly to his mind. 'W. Esden, Esquire.' He stared at the words, kneeling still, until quite automatically he broke the seal, and unfolded a piece of paper.

'Respected sir,' he read there. 'The stones are quite safe in my hands. I have a plan to make everything square, and I am not going to have a chance like this wasted.—Your obdt. servant, R. GALE.'

He did not altogether understand, but he knew vaguely that he was horribly entrapped. His first awaking seemed singular, even to himself. Holding the note in one hand he took the candlestick in the other, and waded across the garments he had scattered about the room into the adjoining chamber. There, by the aid of the gaslight, he re-read Gale's brief note, with a futile and dreamlike feeling that the clearer light would help him to understand it better.

The first thought that came definitely to his mind was that he had become unescapably a felon. He realised that so clearly that he would have had a poignant pity for any other man so situated. Then on a sudden his mind cleared, and he knew that the wretch he would have pitied was himself. At this he groaned, in a mingled rage and shame, and at that very instant a knock sounded without. He moved swiftly in answer, and threw the door open with so much violence that it half recoiled. Gale wormed himself into the little passage, and backed against the door until the snap of the hasp told him it was secured. Esden stood threateningly over his visitor, the pallor of his face and the

savage gleam of his eyes noticeable even in the semi-darkness of the hall.

'I see you got my note, sir,' said Gale, with his husky, apologetic wheeze. His left hand went with a deliberate business-like gesture to an inner pocket of his respectable frock coat. For anything his face, voice, or manner indicated he might have been seeking for a pocket-book or a handkerchief, but the deliberate left hand brought out a revolver, and transferred it to the deliberate right. 'I hope, Mr. Esden,' said Gale, 'that there isn't going to be no sort of trouble betwixt you and me, sir.'

He kept his harmless brown eyes on Esden's face, and edged apologetically round him.

'The stones is perfectly safe, sir,' he said, as he backed into the room, 'and honour between thieves has always been my motto, Mr. Esden. You can trust 'em with me as safe as you could the Bank of England.'

If there was any one manner possible which could have seemed more horrible than another to Esden's mind, Gale might have chosen his own of malice aforethought.

The visitor spoke from within the sitting-room, and Esden, with his hands twining in his hair, leaned his forehead against the side of the hall. Then, as if some will independent of his own inspired him, the barrister plucked his wits together and marched into the room.

'My good sir,' he said quietly, though a sick cold tremor at his midriff had an effect upon his voice, and made it shaky and spasmodic, 'my good sir, you have counted without your host.'

'Perhaps, sir,' Gale answered mildly. 'I don't see it as yet, Mr. Esden, if you'll excuse me saying so.'

'Then,' said Esden, with a throbbing voice, 'you *shall* see it! What I did, I did for a purpose, and nothing that you can do—you had best understand me clearly—nothing that you can do shall hurry me beyond it.'

Gale seeming suddenly to remember his hat, removed it from his head and set it on the table.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said, indicating it with a little wave of the revolver.

'I took those jewels,' said Esden, forcing himself to quiet, 'because I wanted money, and because I thought that I could take them safely. I knew a reward would be offered, and I knew that the negotiations would be trusted to my hands. I meant to repay the reward, and I mean it still. If it should come to a

question of making a clean breast of it and taking my chance at the next assizes, or to entering into a criminal partnership with you, my mind is made up already. If the jewels are not returned to me within an hour I shall take a hansom down to Wootton Hill and tell the story. Before doing that I shall wire to Scotland Yard that the stones are in your possession.'

Whilst Esden spoke Gale had gently sidled into a seat, and the barrister, at the moment at which he announced his desperate intention, had flung himself into another. The honest tradesman, without verbal answer, cocked a mildly inquiring eye at the note which lay almost beneath his hand upon the table. He read it slowly as if unfamiliar with its contents, and then, crumpling it into a ball, set it between his teeth, and began to masticate it, with very much the air of a ruminating ox.

'It'll be as well,' he explained, when he had reduced the paper to a pulp, 'not to 'ave anything about to tell stories. You see, Mr. Esden,' he pursued, respectfully chewing the cud and toying abstractedly with his revolver, 'that wouldn't be, if you'll allow me the liberty to say so, anything like what you might call a reasonable game. I shouldn't like to boast of my advantages with anybody, Mr. Esden, and least of all with a gentleman as I owe so much to the efforts of. But, you see, sir, if I might be allowed to put it plain'—here he swallowed the paper pellet with a gulp—'I might p'int out, sir, as between a man armed and a man unarmed, argument is not level, so to speak. Besides that, sir, your bird is in the bush and mine is in the 'and. I don't want to say anything but what is civil and respectful, but if you was to do what you propose, Mr. Esden, what is there to injure me from going to Mr. Joseph Prickett of Scotland Yard, and saying, "Joseph, I'm tired of being suspected and wanted. Mr. Wyncott Esden was the gentleman as I given that tool to. Mr. Wyncott Esden comes to me along o' you this afternoon, and makes a bargain with me under your very nose, and then to-night he brings me the jewels, and asks me to get 'em on the market for him. But *being* sick of being 'unted and suspected, here they are, and I shall look to the lady to do the fair thing by me." Now, Mr. Esden, sir, I put it to you, what is there in the 'ole wide world to prevent me from doing such a thing as that?'

'You may do what you like,' said Esden, desperately. 'If the jewels are not back in an hour from now I shall wire to Prickett and I shall go down to Wootton Hill and tell the story. I give you one minute to make your mind up.'

He rose as he spoke, and advancing to one of the window

laid a hand upon the fastening. Gale following, interposed himself between Esden and the window, shouldering his companion unceremoniously on one side.

‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Esden,’ he said, in a tone curiously quick and arbitrary, ‘but I wouldn’t do that if I was you.’

‘I only wanted air, you fool!’ Esden answered angrily.

‘You’ll do without air for a little while, sir,’ Gale responded, with a dogged resumption of his former respectful tone. ‘You go and sit down in that there chair again. I’m sure as you and me can get through this here business without quarrelling. An ‘en is a stupid sort of a fowl, ain’t it, Mr. Esden? and even an ‘en has the brains not to cackle before she’s laid her egg. Bite first, and bark when you’ve done it, that’s always been my motto. Suppose I was to give you a minute to make up your mind, sir? Suppose I was to give you five, Mr. Esden? There’s neither of us in an ‘urry. Suppose you say five? You sit down and think it over, sir.’

‘You ate that note,’ said Esden, in a miserable, unavailing rage, ‘to destroy the only evidence I had against you.’

‘Why, yes, sir,’ Gale returned, distorting his face to scratch with the more convenience at one of his little bits of side whisker, ‘that *was* what I done it for. We said five minutes, didn’t we?’

He pulled out a bulbous watch, and nursed it in the palm of his left hand. In the dead silence which fell upon the chamber the watch seemed to tick as loudly as an eight-day timepiece. Esden, leaning back in his chair with an expression of sullen resolution, was so empty in heart and mind that he found nothing better to do than to count the tickings. He got consciously to fifty, and there his mind sank into a momentary swoon of oblivion. A minute later he found himself back again. A hundred and ten, a hundred and eleven, a hundred and twelve. The unobtrusive little mental sentinel once set on duty had gone on listening and counting without further order. Esden gave an irritated groan and changed his posture. The sentinel went off duty, and the entrapped man stared his future in the face until Gale’s wheezy voice aroused him.

‘Good-evening, Mr. Esden. I’ll get up to Scotland Yard at once, if that’s your meaning. I needn’t waste time by going back for the stones, because in the meantime you might be a-moving. While I think of it, though, these two doors as leads into the ‘all both locks on the outside. I’ll see to them, and take the keys along with me.’

‘Tell me what you want,’ said Esden. There seemed to be

no fight left in him, and he saw that he was trapped beyond hope of escape.

‘Why, that’s being reasonable, sir,’ Gale answered. He had resumed his hat, and had risen from his seat, but at Esden’s confession of yielding he uncovered himself and sat down again, drawing his chair a little nearer to the table with a manner grown confidential. ‘Of course, sir,’ he said, leaning across the table, and speaking in a husky whisper, ‘it was quite reasonable in you to make up your mind to send ‘em back again. As for that, a gentleman in your position might as well nobble the Griffin outside as steal them stones. You wouldn’t know what to do with it when you’d got it. But with me, you see, Mr. Esden, it’s quite different. In my hands they’ll be just like so much ready money, and I couldn’t find it in my ‘art to part with a chance like that you given me.’

‘What do you want to do?’ groaned Esden.

‘Why, sir, if you come to that,’ Gale answered, with a respectful severity, ‘I want to do the reasonable, common sense thing. How could a man ‘ope or expect to prosper as threw away a chance like this? Between them jewels and the reward, I should think as there’s six thousand safe to be divided betwixt you and me.’

‘The reward!’ Esden gasped, half rising from his chair.

‘Why, Mr. Esden,’ said Gale, speaking on unmoved, ‘a thousand pound—and that’s the sum as has been talked about—is a considerable ‘andful of money. I’ve been thinking the ‘ole thing over, sir, and without a little sum of ready money to set to work with we should have to chuck away the swag for half its value. I’ve got it all planned out as clear as daylight, and it’s as easy as breaking eggs, and as safe as whipping ‘em.’

‘I don’t know what devilish plot you’ve hatched,’ Esden cried, rising in a new revolt, ‘and I refuse to listen to it. Do what you will, go where you will, tell what tale you will, I go back to plain honour and honesty and take my chance. I may sell my soul some day, God knows! but I will not bring it to market to a brute like you. I will not be dragged from crime to crime, and from baseness into baseness. Go! You have my last word. Go, and do your damnedest.’

He flung himself back again into his chair, folded his arms, and sat stock still. His brain was giddy with remorse and shame, and rage and terror. But after this passionate declaration he felt, in spite of all, as if he were half a man again.

‘Very well,’ Gale said calmly. ‘It’s a bit of a pity, both for

you and me, but if it is to be so, why, so be it. But I'll just say one respectful word to you, Mr. Wyncott Esden, afore I go, because you touch me on a tender point, and I've got my feelings as much as if I was a gentleman. You talk about me dragging you into crime, sir. Now, that's neither fair nor reasonable, and I shall 'ope as you'll withdraw them words. It's just what I might ha' said myself to you. When I was a-standing in that there dock, Mr. Esden, I made a solemn promise to myself as if I got off I'd done my last bit of night work—my last bit of any sort of work, barring honest labour. I begun to see as the cross game wasn't good enough. I'm getting old, for one thing, and my nerves ain't what they used to be. There was never no real need to waste lead on that there butler, and five year ago I should never have dreamt of it—no, nor yet two year ago! I'd swore off, that's what I'd done, afore the jury said "Not guilty," and there warn't a day till yesterday as I didn't say "No" to it, though I 'ave 'ad a pretty 'andsome 'eap of chances offered to me. But in this case the thing's done already, and if you won't take the chances, Mr. Esden, you'll have to take the consequences. I'm a poor man, and I ain't going to fly in the face of Providence.'

He had grown mournfully reproachful, and his manner indicated clearly that Esden's conduct was a disappointment to him.

'It's a million to one,' he went on, rising and moving a step or two towards the door, 'as your friends won't prosecute when they know. I shouldn't altogether like it if I thought they would. I don't think as a smart gentleman like you would ha' been such a fool as to a-done it a-purpose, but your dropping that tool, Mr. Esden, might have made it very awkward for me if I couldn't have accounted for every minute of my time yesterday afternoon. It was a breach of confidence, sir, to use that tool at all. That's what it was. It was a breach of confidence, Mr. Esden. It wasn't at all the kind of thing as might be looked for in a gentleman, and I won't say as I don't nurse a little bit of a grudge again you for it.'

'Oh, stop this filthy prating, man!' cried Esden, writhing in his self-contempt. The phrase Gale had used as to the chances of his friends' forgiveness of him had illumined his mind like the sudden lighting of a torch in darkness. He saw in the glare of that new light the vast wave of shame that rose up to engulf him. He was inspired to panic, and was ready to spring to any refuge.

'Sit down again,' he said. 'Tell me your plan.'

(To be continued.)

Fat and Fat-Cures.

THE plaint of the royal Dane regarding the desirability of the 'melting' of his 'too too solid flesh' apparently finds an instructive parallel in the social life of these latter days. Whether or not corpulence is on the increase as a bodily habit, it is perfectly certain that announcements of cures for that condition of the human frame are plentifully scattered through the advertising pages of the daily press. The perusal of the announcements in question gives rise to not a few thoughts which lead one in the direction of diet-topics, and especially tend to raise a considerable number of issues concerning the origin of this fatty excess which is said to encumber its possessors, and to render even ordinary and commonplace activity a matter of concern. The matter of fat as a food and as an encumbrance respectively is by no means of such simple character as might at first sight be supposed. Contrariwise, the formation of fat in the body can readily be shown to present itself as a subject which has engaged, and indeed still absorbs, a large amount of physiological time and thought. If, as the laity are much given to suppose, it was simply a question of fat eaten, and, as such, added to the body, the whole matter might be dismissed in the simplest possible fashion; but, as we shall have occasion to note, the origin of fat presents in itself a very pretty problem for the scientific investigator. If we may judge from the number of theories which exist on the subject, and which profess to explain where fat comes from and how it is formed and stored in the living tissues, the matter at least forms a complex study, and is not one to be dismissed either by a superficial investigation of fat as a food, or by a casual appeal to the medical art of quack or practised physician alike. It may be shown, in truth, that the topic involves the wholesome consideration of the whole range of our dietary, and in this light promises a somewhat instructive reward to those who care to dive into the ways and works of the bodily commissariat.

To appreciate properly what fat is demands a brief excursion into that domain of physiology which deals with the nature of foods at large. Fats do not stand solitary and alone in the list of dietetic articles. They occupy a well-defined place in the ranks of the substances necessary for the support of human life. Following out the chemistry of the day, we find our food-materials divided into two great classes or groups. Of these the first comprises substances which contain the element nitrogen; hence this first division is aptly enough named that of the *nitrogenous* foods. These latter are represented by many familiar substances. The albumens which are seen in white of egg, juice of meat, and in allied materials; the fibrin found in blood; the casein of milk; the gluten of flour; the gelatin of bones, hoofs, and horns (admittedly a less perfect nitrogenous food than the others); and the legumin of peas and beans, illustrate the nitrogenous food-materials in greater part. The second division of foods includes those in which nitrogen is awanting. To these materials the term *non-nitrogenous* is therefore aptly applied. They are exemplified by four groups of dietetic articles, of which the first in physiological importance is water. Next in order come the mineral constituents of our daily diet, which comprise compounds of sodium, potassium, lime, iron, magnesium, and of other elements demanded as absolutely necessary for the due vitality of the tissues. The third group of the non-nitrogenous foods is represented by the starches and sugars, whereof we absorb a goodly quantity per diem; and the fourth division includes the fats and oils, the relations of which to the general life of the individual form the special subject of our considerations.

If now we glance cursorily at the parts performed by these varied foods in the support of the body, we shall have exhausted the preliminary considerations needful for the better understanding of the problem of the fats. Dr. Pavy, in his classic treatise on 'Food and Dietetics,' remarks that 'wherever vital operations are going on, there nitrogenous matter is present, forming, so to speak, the spring of vital action;' and this sentence expresses succinctly enough the nature of the part played by these food-principles in the work of the living body. The protoplasm which constitutes the actual living matter of animals and plants is itself a nitrogenous substance. Hence this first division of our foods enters in the most intimate manner into the development, growth, and repair of the living machine. The nitrogenous foods represent the steel, iron and brass of the living engine; they constitute

the basis of all the tissues and fluids of the frame. In addition, it must be noted, they may, under certain circumstances or exigencies of bodily life, be made to yield power or energy, and, as we shall hereafter see, may also be made subservient to the formation of fat itself.

In the case of the non-nitrogenous foods, the details are equally clear. Water is an absolute necessity for the life of animal and plant alike. Two-thirds of a human body, by weight, roughly speaking, consist of water; hence this fluid is required in large quantity for the formation of the tissues, for the solution and digestion of other foods, and for purposes of 'excretion' or the getting rid of the inevitable waste which accompanies every vital act. Minerals, in their turn, are of high importance as foods. Iron is demanded for the blood, lime is needed to build up the bony framework, while compounds of potash, sodium, and other elements are demanded for the due perfection of the tissues. Phosphorus appears to be an element specially demanded by the nervous tissues, and the requirements of the body in the latter respect have been summarised by the German scientist in the phrase 'no phosphorus, no thought.' The starches and sugars appear before us as typical 'energy-foods'—that is, they give us the 'power of doing work.' They represent sources of muscular power and force, the muscles using the materials they supply as the engine utilises its coal and water. Furthermore, starches and sugars are heat-producers, and they are capable of being converted into fats by a chemical process to which the name 'deoxidation' has been given. As for the fats and oils, their uses may be summed up in the statement that they firstly supply the fatty tissues of the body with their needful pabulum or food, and it is certain they also aid materially, not only in the nutrition of the nervous system, but in the digestion and assimilation of other foods. In the second place, fats undoubtedly discharge similar functions in the bodily economy to those subserved by the starches and sugars, in that they supply both energy and animal heat, although this duty is effected by an opposite process—oxidation—to that whereby the starchy foods are made to part with their force-producing properties. In this light, indeed, fats appear as highly important constituents of the series of food-stuffs. If we have regard also to the changes they both effect and undergo in the living organism, we may keep strictly within the bounds of scientific exactness when we allege that they are entitled to assume the first rank among food-materials of non-nitrogenous kind.

From the foregoing considerations the sources of fat supply in a living body would appear to be at least three in number. The nitrogenous foods are capable of producing fat under special conditions; the starches and sugars are known to be fat-formers; while fat itself, though probably in a minor degree, may be held to rank as a source of addition to the frame in respect of its 'adipose' materials. Various circumstances of more or less familiar kind may be quoted in support of the declaration of science on this point. That nitrogenous foods—represented in the dietary of ordinary life by flesh-foods, and by the legumin of peas, beans, &c.—may give origin to fat is, in the first place, capable of being scientifically proved by a study of the chemistry of the living body. For instance, two authorities of the highest possible rank in dietetic matters, Voit and Pettenkofer, ascertained by experiment that under certain circumstances the total amount of nitrogen contained in the food may be eliminated from the body in the excretions. Part of the nitrogenous food, the carbon, is retained, and the nitrogenous food-stuff originally taken therefore appeared to be split up into nitrogen given off as we have seen, and into a fatty body which was retained in the economy. The transformation of nitrogenous foods into fat may be regarded as a tolerably well-ascertained fact of food-science. In the ideas of many physiologists, fat represents the regular result of the division or splitting up of the nitrogenous foods; and this fat, it is further alleged, may either be stored up in the body or be utilised and broken up into carbonic acid and water as its ultimate manifestations in the excretions. Exact figures may be cited in support of this origin of fat from flesh-meats and their kith and kin. If 100 grammes of albumen be taken, a fair estimate gives 35.5 grammes of nitrogenous matter as being parted with as waste; while 12.3 grammes of water unite with the remaining 66.5 of albumen originally taken. After 27.4 grammes of carbonic acid are given off, 51.39 grammes of fat remain as the result of these chemical processes. Again, we find another and interesting proof of the correctness of the views just enunciated, in a consideration which tends to dispel a common error in popular notions regarding fat and its formation. Each animal has to form and manufacture its fat from the food whereon it subsists, and its fat is in turn distinct from the fat of other animals in respect of its intimate composition; that is to say, fat in no case simply accumulates in the body in the shape of the actual fat taken as food or otherwise supplied in the diet. As has well been remarked, the

fat of a man differs from that of a dog, even if both have been fed on the same food, fatty or otherwise. Hence we are forced, in the case of flesh-eating animals especially, to fall back on some such explanation as that already given to account for the fat which these bodies contain.

In the interesting experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert on the fattening of animals, to be presently noted, these considerations regarding the origin of fat from nitrogenous foods were naturally included in the results of their researches. In the case of pigs these experimenters varied the amounts of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods given to the animals. In one set of cases these foods were given in the proportions known to be represented in the natural fattening food of the pigs, while in a second set the proportions of nitrogenous foods were raised far above the normal and natural limits. The results of these trials were sufficiently curious and noteworthy. Little or no difference was perceptible in the two cases in so far as the fattening process was concerned. If fat could not be formed from the nitrogenous foods, but from the starchy foods alone, the maintenance of the natural amount of fat on a diminution of the fattening foods would be inexplicable. On the theory that the nitrogenous foods, as already explained, may give rise to fat the mystery vanishes; and it is clear, from many circumstances connected with both healthy life and with diseased existence, that what holds true of the dietetics of the lower animal in this respect applies with equal force to the human domain.

Turning next in order to the starches and sugars, or 'carbohydrates' as they are also named, as the second source of fat-formation, we may be said to enter upon physiological territory wherein our footsteps may be planted with greater certainty than in the case of the preceding items. Starchy foods and their near allies, the sugars, have always enjoyed an evil reputation alike in the mind and in the dietary of the corpulent person. That a popular idea for once in a generation represents a stable scientific fact may be taken for granted in the present instance, although, as we shall note, the prevailing notion in question is not left without its modifications at the hands of physiologists. Referring once more to the experiments of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, we find ample corroboration that the starches and sugars contribute largely to fat-formation. The evidence adduced shows clearly enough that, to use the words of Professor Michael Foster, 'fat is formed in the body out of something which is not fat.' The pig,

fed on its ordinary food for eight or ten weeks, presents us with a very striking illustration of this truth. The growth of body, and especially the increase of fat are markedly disproportionate to the animal's original weight, and still more so to the amount of fat contained in its food. For every 100 parts of fat contained in the food of the pig, no less than 472 parts were stored up as fat during the period experimented upon. The increase in the body-weight varied between 51.3 and 68.9 per cent. in the period of eight weeks' feeding, and from 85.4 to 106.8 per cent. during the ten weeks' period. The fat-increase alone was set down at from 59.9 to 79.0 per cent. The source of the fat here was undeniable. In certain of the experiments, the quality of the diet was such that the carbon part of the fat greatly exceeded that which the nitrogenous food could have supplied. The inference, therefore, remained clear that to the non-nitrogenous starches and sugars the fat-formation was in greater part due.

In the early days of dietetics viewed as a science, a hot and sharp controversy was waged regarding the source of fat-formation in the body. Liebig asserted positively that fat was a manufactured product, and not, as Dumas and his neighbours of the French School of Chemistry held, that the bodily fat represented simply the like material derived from the food, and directly transferred, so to speak, to the tissues. Out of this discussion arose numerous experiments, some of these being of a specially interesting kind. Huber, for instance, taking his bees as the subjects of research, showed that wax, which is certainly a member of the fat-series of compounds, was manufactured from the sugar-food supplied to the insects. Hereupon, arose a point of some nicety in connection with the argument. The question was raised whether or not the wax which had been produced on the sugar-diet of the bees was formed from already-existent materials in the animal frame. In other words, was the wax a primary or only a secondary product of the insect-economy? To the solution of this problem the chemists betook themselves in due course. In 1845 Dumas worked at the question, in company with other scientists. The chief point to be determined was that of the power of the insects to form wax under varying conditions of food. On pure sugar alone, the bees did not form a satisfactory amount of comb. Fed on honey alone, one set of insects out of four experimented upon yielded a fair amount of wax. Now honey itself contains a small proportion of wax, it is true; but on investigating not only the amount of comb manufactured by

the bees, but also the amount of fat contained in their bodies after their work had been completed, it was clearly seen that a surplus of wax and fat alike existed, such as could not be accounted for either by having regard to the fat in the food, or to that pre-existing in the bodies of the insects. With the larva of the gall-fly (*Cynips*) the case is similar. A large amount of fat exists in the immature insect, which is developed within the excrescence formed on the tree by the puncture of the egg-depositor of the parent. From the starchy matter contained in the surroundings of the young insect it is clear its fat can alone be formed. Once again, therefore, fat was proved to be manufactured in the animal body 'out of something which is not fat.' Dumas, himself an original opponent of this idea, ultimately acknowledged his scientific error.

Perhaps a more striking illustration still of the process of fat-manufacture in the animal body from the starchy elements of the food may be found in the results produced by the abnormal fashion in which geese are fed to produce the *pâté de foie gras* of the dainty. From Roman days the fatty liver of the goose has been esteemed by the *gourmet*, and its production is in itself a remarkable example of a species of dietetic error perpetrated on the lower animal frame. The bird, lean at the commencement of its dietetic trial, is confined in a compartment of a coop with just sufficient space to exist. Movement is impossible, and the head projects in front of the cell in which the bird is immured. A supply of water is kept below the compartment, and charcoal and salt are mingled with the fluid. The process of feeding is carried out twice daily. The food consists of maize soaked in water. This is squirted forcibly down the throat of the bird by means of a tube attached to a receptacle which, like the 'wind-chest' of a bagpipe, is carried beneath the arm of the attendant. A plentiful supply of water appears to be taken by the bird during the day. In from four to five weeks of this forced feeding the bird becomes morbidly stout; its breathing is laboured, and when this stage of repletion is reached the goose is killed. The liver weighs from one to two pounds in weight, and the body itself is so laden with fat that, when roasted, from three to five pounds of fat are said to be melted therefrom. The remaining circumstances of the process consist in the fact that the birds are fed in dark cellars, while winter is the season *par excellence* for the successful conduct of the operation.

The results of an excessive dietary of starches, combined with

an utter absence of exercise by way of food-utilisation, are seen in the loading of the bird's system with the excess products of nutrition. An analysis of maize shows that it contains in 100 parts, roughly speaking, about 11 of nitrogenous matter, 65 of starch, 8 of fat, 14 of water, and 1 of mineral matter. Doubtless maize may therefore be regarded as by no means deficient in fatty elements, but the fact of the origin of the excessive fat found in the goose at the close of its enforced gluttony from the starch of the food does not admit of a doubt. Persoz firstly noted the natural amount of fat which the lean goose contained. Fattened birds were killed between the nineteenth and twenty-fourth days of their imprisonment. A careful investigation of the fat contained in the food and of that found in the body showed that there was scarcely any comparison possible on account of the excess of fat-formation. The increase of the liver appears to take place not as a direct but as an indirect result of the fattening process, this organ sharing in the general fatty degeneration to which the animal's tissues are subjected. Even when birds were fed on rice, in which the amount of fat is very small, results were obtained which point to the same conclusion—that of the fat-forming powers of the starchy food-principles. Another notable point was discovered in the fact that if butter alone was given to a duck the animal died starved in about three weeks, whereas when butter was added to the rice dietary a high degree of fatness was developed. This latter fact goes to prove that fat itself aids largely and powerfully in the assimilation of other foods, and that a serious dietetic error is therefore committed when the natural fat supply of the animal frame is lessened or omitted. In support of this contention further evidence might be adduced in the shape of the fact, if pigs be fed on potatoes alone they fatten to a certain degree, but thereafter exhibit no increase. If, however, dairy and kitchen refuse, containing fat and nitrogenous matter, be added to the potatoes, the fat-increase becomes of very marked character. The feeding of cows also illustrates the contentions with regard to fat-formation which have just been expressed. The butter or fat of the milk represents an excess of fatty material when compared with the amount of the fat contained in the food of the animal. According to one observer, a cow yielded for several days, on an average, about one pound per day of butter over and above the fat with which it was supplied as food.

The actual manner in which fat is formed by the living

machinery from starches and the like is still largely matter of theory. It is conceivable enough, as Liebig showed, that if oxygen and carbonic acid be taken away from starch, a fat is left. It may therefore be regarded as a possibility that some such process or decomposition of starch occurs in the body. As regards the liver's share in the work, Dr. Pavy, whose views on this subject are entitled to extreme respect, suggests that by converting starchy matters first into sugary products—a change easily accomplished and illustrated elsewhere in the body, *e.g.* the mouth—the liver ultimately forms fat therefrom. This latter point, however, remains for further investigation. Sugar itself is known to undergo in the course of digestion a species of fermentation which may well precede the formation of fat.

There remains for consideration a third source of fat in the animal body—namely, that represented by the fat taken as food and assimilated in the body. It has been pointed out that fat, like all other foods, requires to undergo a process of digestion in the body ere it can enter as a component part into the composition of the tissues. There is, therefore, no mere addition of fat, as fat, possible in the living body. Viewed as a food, the history of fat reveals certain considerations of a highly instructive kind. There is probably no greater mistake made in reference to dietetic matters than the assumption that a normal quantity of fat, ordinarily taken as food, leads to fat-formation. We have seen that fat is essential as a food, and that without it health is impossible of maintenance. Experimental proof of the value of fat in assisting the assimilation of other foods has already been adduced in the case of the feeding of pigs on a starch dietary alone, compared with the same diet including the addition of fat and nitrogenous matter. When a fixed amount of nitrogenous food is taken along with a small quantity of fat, there is no storage of the latter material. With a diet of starch or sugar and nitrogenous matter, both being fixed in quantity and the starchy elements present in small quantity, no fat is stored in the tissues. If, however, either the fat or the sugar and starch be increased, an excess of fat is produced, and this becomes added to the tissues as the result of a veritable process of bodily manufacture. The purpose of fat taken naturally as a food appears to be that of making other foods go further, so to speak, in the nutrition of the frame. As the fact has been well expressed, 'with a simultaneous administration of albumen (or nitrogenous food) and fat, a less amount of albumen is on this account necessary to meet the material wants of the organism.'

We see this result typically demonstrated in the case of an animal which with a given quantity of flesh-food and about a fifth or more of fat showed an equable usage of the food, whereas more than twice the quantity of meat had to be administered in order to produce this result in the absence of the fatty portion of the dietary. If, on the other hand, with a fixed quantity of fatty food (and the same remark holds good of a starchy diet), an increase of nitrogenous food be given, the body, which before might have laid by fat in moderate quantity, exhibits the reverse procedure. In this view of matters, such increase of flesh-food, by favouring tissue-changes, may and does burn off the fatty principles. Fat taken as a food, then, is in its way a relatively unimportant source of fat-formation in the body. It is only when through some dietetic error, of the kind noted above, the quantity of fat (or starch) taken in the food is increased to an undue extent over a fixed quantity of nitrogenous food that fat is stored to excess in the body.

The natural history of fat, thus detailed, leads us naturally to the consideration of the varied cures which from time to time have been proposed for the relief of corpulency. It becomes clear that, when the true history of fat-formation has been mastered, the folly of swallowing nostrums and panaceas in the shape of drugs, by way of preventing what is usually a condition of body dependent upon dietetic error, appears extreme. If the corpulent habit, on the other hand, is natural to the individual, and appears in the light of a family inheritance, the folly just alluded to becomes greatly intensified. The fat-cure of science resolves itself into a matter of diet and dieting, of a wise selection of foods, and of a life judiciously lived in all other respects. There may be, and there undoubtedly is, a close analogy betwixt the geese of Strasburg and many human units whose food-habits predispose them to the development of obesity, and who from lack of physical exercise, combined with injudicious feeding, exhibit the natural consequences of a non-physiological existence. The dietetic treatment of corpulence is therefore the true fat-cure. Drugs and nostrums cannot drive out of the frame, at least without serious risk, a condition for which the food-habits are primarily responsible.

The list of fat-cures, even of dietetic kind, is by no means limited in extent. It is interesting, however, to observe how, with the lapse of years, and with the increase of our knowledge respecting foods and their uses, the relief of obesity has been

placed upon new foundations, and how the cure of corpulence has attained success in proportion as science has demonstrated the true nature of its causes. Prominent among the fat-cures of the past stands that of Mr. Banting. This gentleman attained fame through his cure of his corpulence by dietetic means. His pamphlet, bearing date 1869 (a reprint of the fourth edition being dated 1883) affords full details of the methods he employed. Strictly speaking, the ideas which formed the Banting system emanated from Mr. Banting's medical adviser, a Mr. William Harvey, and it is but just that whatever credit is due to the author of the method should be assigned to the physician named. Mr. Banting himself styles obesity a 'parasite' affecting humanity. The description is ludicrously inappropriate, for a parasite is, firstly, as a rule, a diminutive object; while, secondly, the term can be only appropriately applied to designate a living organism preying upon or attaching itself to another living being. Mr. Banting's personal history was of commonplace kind. He was a prosperous undertaker and had retired from business after a fifty years' career. When, between thirty and forty years of age, he found corpulence creeping upon him, he consulted a surgeon, who recommended 'increased bodily exercise' before business, 'and who thought rowing an excellent plan.' A boat, described as 'good, heavy, and safe,' was at the command of Mr. Banting, and this craft he propelled on the Thames 'for a couple of hours in the early morning.' Alas, for the fruits of injudicious advice, Mr. Banting tells us he 'gained muscular vigour, but with it a prodigious appetite, which I was compelled to indulge, and consequently increased in weight until my kind old friend advised me to forsake the exercise.' Failing in this first endeavour to reduce his weight, Mr. Banting tried various expedients by way of killing his 'parasite.' Among his other efforts in this direction may be named 'gallons of physic and liquor potasse,' riding on horseback; and the mineral waters of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Harrogate. He 'lived upon sixpence a day, so to speak, and earned it if bodily labour may be so construed,' but all to no purpose. Mr. Banting was considerably informed that corpulence was 'one of the natural results of increasing years,' but this declaration gave him little comfort in view of his increasing bulk, and of 'the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street traffic.' As a fair criterion of his condition, Mr. Banting mentions the fact that, 'although no very great size or weight,' he could not stoop to tie

his shoe, and was compelled 'to go down stairs slowly, backwards, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee joints.' He was also 'obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion, particularly that of getting up stairs.' Altogether, Mr. Banting's case was simply that of many another obese person, who finds an increase of body to be associated with many disabilities and disadvantages both in the domain of social and physical life.

The diet whereon Mr. Banting subsisted prior to his dietetic attempts at cure was described by himself as follows:—'Bread and milk for breakfast, or a pint of tea with plenty of milk and sugar, and buttered toast; meat, beer, much bread (of which I was always very fond) and pastry for dinner; the meal of tea similar to that of breakfast; and generally a fruit tart or bread and milk for supper.' Analysing out the constituent parts of this dietary, it may be pointed out that there is nothing specially fattening in its quality in relation to an ordinary healthy individual with no hereditary or other special tendency to develop fatness. It is a safe remark that thousands of persons live on similar or allied food without developing corpulence thereupon. The special food-stuffs which tend to fat-formation in such a diet are, as we have seen, the starch of the bread, the sugar, plain and contained in the fruit consumed, the butter taken as such or in the form of milk, and the nitrogenous meat. Mr. Banting's diet, in fact, illustrated very fairly indeed that form of food-programme which has been alluded to previously, under the remark that with a tolerably fixed quantity of nitrogenous food (meat) and a relatively large amount of starches and sugars, fat is certain to be stored up in the body.

Again, we must take into account Mr. Banting's habits and way of life. Save when ordered exercise, there is no evidence—but every indication to the contrary—that he was an active man. The personal equation, so to speak, has much to do with the tendency of an individual fatness or the reverse. Liebig's ideas about the 'restless pig' are worthy of being borne in mind as possessing an allegorical application to the highest rank of animal life. 'A restless pig,' said the great chemist, 'is not adapted for fattening, and, however great the supply of food, it will not grow fat. Pigs which are fit for fattening must be of a quiet nature; after eating they must sleep, and after sleeping must be ready to eat again.' The influences of bodily habit, as well as of temperature and other conditions of life, must be taken into consideration when the causes of individual

corpulence are discussed. It is notable, as an illustration of the fattening power of sugar when aided by extrinsic circumstances, that the negroes during the sugar-making season in the West Indies increase markedly in stoutness. During the period when the sugar-cane is gathered, the negroes are seen to grow 'conspicuously stouter,' and 'this change,' says Dr. Pavy, 'is attributed (and, doubtless, correctly so) to their habit of constantly chewing pieces of the succulent cane whilst they are working amongst it.' On similar principles, it is related in Mr. Walker's 'Female Beauty,' the women in the Bey's seraglio at Tripoli are fattened 'by means of repose and baths, assisted by a diet of Turkish flour mixed with honey.'

Long prior to Mr. Banting's day, however, Sir John Sinclair wrote of the treatment of obesity, deriving his information apparently more as the result of empiricism than of scientific reasoning. He recommends those who desire to avoid corpulence to take acid wines like hock, and drinks like cider, in preference to malt liquors, since he remarks that 'when the former is the usual beverage the people are leaner than when the latter is usually drunk.' Plain water, or water mixed with vinegar, is recommended, and the latter fluid is said to be 'better than the juice of lemons having passed through the process of fermentation.' Tea and coffee may be taken, but without cream; and the bread is to have the bran retained in it, 'so as to be more digestible.' Vegetable diet is to be indulged in, according to the Sinclair system; 'hard dumplings' being described as 'excellent'; while animal food is to be limited to 'fish, or lean and dry meat.' No eggs are allowed, 'and the less sugar the better.' As we shall presently note, Sir John Sinclair's ideas are scarcely consistent with more recent knowledge about fats and concerning foods at large; still, in his remarks regarding the advantage of a vegetable dietary, and in his eschewing sugar and malt liquors, this author's ideas of reducing corpulency were of consistent enough character. His advice regarding the drinking of vinegar is probably the least sensible portion of his teaching.

It is also interesting to note that, in his work on the physiology of taste, Brillat-Savarin maintains that corpulence depends upon a diet in which an excess of farinaceous or starchy foods is represented. He laid stress, in the diet for the obese, upon veal and poultry as suitable foods, with salads or green vegetables. Meat broths also formed part and parcel of his treatment, and he allowed rye-bread, cabbage, turnip, and jellies, with punch and

oranges &c. for dessert. Light white wine and seltzer-water were his favourite drinks, and after dinner black coffee was ordered to be taken. Beer was strictly interdicted. Radishes, artichokes (with pepper), asparagus, and celery were also allowed. Dr. King Chambers, in his treatment of obesity, insisted strongly on the avoidance of fats—a point in which he was strenuously opposed by later observers; the remainder of the diet consisting largely of nitrogenous food-stuffs.

Acting under Mr. Harvey's advice, Mr. Banting subsisted upon an entirely altered system of diet. His bill of fare under the new *régime* was as follows:—For breakfast, at 9 A.M., he took from five to six ounces of either beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork or veal; a large cup of tea or coffee (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast; making together six ounces of solids and nine of liquids. For dinner, at 2 P.M., he took five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, herrings, or eels; any meat, except pork or veal, and any vegetable except potato, parsnip, beetroot, turnip, or carrot, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding not sweetened, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira—champagne, port, and beer being forbidden. This meal amounted to ten or twelve ounces of solids and ten ounces of liquid food. For tea, at 6 P.M., he took two or three ounces of cooked fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. The amount was two to four ounces of solids and nine of liquids. For supper, at 9 P.M., he took three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret, or sherry and water; making four ounces of solids and seven of liquids. Mr. Banting's day did not, however, end here. He adds that he took 'for nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar), or a glass or two of claret or sherry. This plan,' he adds, 'leads to an excellent night's rest with from six to eight hours' sound sleep.' The remaining details of Mr. Banting's treatment resolved themselves into a little spirits to soften his dry toast or rusk at breakfast or tea, while a somewhat mixed sentence informs us that while he did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, he did 'scrupulously avoid those beans (*sic*) such as milk, sugar, beer, butter, &c., which are known to contain them.' The result of this diet was that, while his weight on August 26, 1862, was 202 lb., and on September 7, 200 lb., he weighed on September 12, 1863, only 156 lb. The reduction in weight was equal to 46 lb.

in twelve months (he subsequently lost 4 lb. additional), while he reduced himself 13 inches in bulk.

Successful as was Mr. Harvey's treatment in the case of Mr. Banting, and adequate as that system may have been in the case of others, its terms are by no means those of a safe dietary for all corpulent persons, while in many cases it is known to have been fraught with harm to the health of experimenters. In the first place, it is clear Bantingism was modelled on the food-ideas of Liebig, whose teachings were to the effect that the nitrogenous foods (meats &c.) went to build up the constantly wasting tissue-substance of the body, while the fats and starches were 'heat-producing' foods. By limiting the latter foods, while the supply of nitrogenous diet was not so markedly decreased, the stored fat was oxidised or burnt off, and corpulence accordingly reduced. On newer and more correct notions than those of Liebig we can explain Mr. Banting's success. The diet of that gentleman was certainly relatively rich in nitrogenous matter, and this matter taken into the body in the absence of fats and starches causes, as has been explained, an increased usage or consumption of the stored-up fat. But a danger to health of no ordinary kind, it is well to add, may await the subject of Bantingism. The consumption of an excess of nitrogenous food entails upon the kidneys especially an increase of work, and the subject of such experiments as those Mr. Banting undertook to perform may therefore entail serious risk of kidney-disorder induced by the stress of nitrogenous tissue-change which the diet in question necessarily entails.

Again, it may be said that, in respect of his change of dietary, Mr. Banting simply passed from the practice of one calculated to increase corpulence to one which was really a fairly generous and proper diet for his special case. In another respect the Banting diet was calculated of itself, and apart from its quality, to reduce corpulence. From twenty-two to twenty-six ounces of solids, and about thirty-five ounces of liquids per day, constituted Mr. Banting's allowance. If we allow for water chemically combined with the food, the daily amount of solids may be set down at from eleven to thirteen ounces. Now this is far from a generous allowance of solid and water-free food. The diet-table of prisons, of London needlewomen, and that of the cotton operative in the Lancashire cotton famine, averaged of nitrogenous matter 2.33 ounces, of fat 0.84 ounce, and of starches and sugars 11.69 ounces. For an adult in full health

and with moderate exercise, the amounts are given as follows:— Nitrogenous matter, 4.215 ounces; fat, 1.397 ounce; starches and sugars, 18.690 ounces; and minerals, 0.714 ounce. It is clear then, that so far from Mr. Banting's diet sufficing for a healthy adult, it actually falls below the 'subsistence diet' of the prison and the needlewoman, as Dr. Pavy himself remarks. As a further proof of the contention that Bantingism is in one sense a starvation-diet adapted to cause an obese subject to subsist for a time like a hibernating bear upon its stored-up fat, we may quote from Dr. Pavy the general diet of a London hospital, which, he remarks, 'can scarcely be regarded as furnishing much, if anything, beyond what is really required for the support of life under a quiescent state.' This dietary gives us twenty-nine and a half ounces of solid food, and represents sixteen and three-quarter ounces of water-free food. Mr. Banting's eleven to thirteen ounces of water-free fare therefore stand out very clearly as a diet whereon the bare support of life in a quiescent state, and in the total absence of all work, is scarcely possible. Bantingism is thus proved to have been a system of physiological starvation rather than a true and scientific fat-cure. It is a system, in other words, which, however well adapted for the special case in which it proved successful, is fraught with danger to health for the majority of corpulent persons, who may turn with greater hope of safety to newer methods of ridding themselves of the excess of 'solid flesh' wherewith they are burdened.

Acting on scientific principles in relation to the formation of fat in the body, we find Dr. Ebstein, a Continental physician, dealing with the problem of obesity on lines widely at variance with those of Mr. Harvey as represented in the Banting system. The Göttingen professor proceeds firstly on the basis of limiting the supply of non-nitrogenous food-stuffs in the shape of starches and sugars; a point of decisive importance, as we have seen, in the limitation of fat-production. But while the carbo-hydrates are thus limited in the food of the corpulent person, nitrogenous flesh-foods and the nitrogenous peas, beans, &c., together with fat, occupy a very decided place in the Ebstein treatment. The treatment is based, in fact, on the law of nutrition already mentioned, whereby on a fixed amount of fat with a moderate quantity of nitrogenous food the store of existing fat is consumed and reduced. Ebstein's views with regard to the use of fat in the dietary of the corpulent are sound enough. He reminds us that fat in itself administered as food checks hunger and limits the

appetite because it modifies the waste of the tissues. In hot climates the consumption of fat, possibly for the foregoing reason, checks the craving for liquids. 'Sugar, sweets of all kinds, potatoes in every form,' says Ebstein, 'I forbid unconditionally.' The quantity of bread is limited; from three to three-and-a-half ounces per day being allowed. As regards vegetables, he allows asparagus, spinach, the various kinds of leguminous plants, and as to meats none are excluded. It may surprise the devotee of other systems of fat-cure to learn that, under the Ebstein method, the fat in the flesh of animals is specially recommended to the corpulent. Bacon fat, and fat roast pork and mutton, kidney fat, and marrow added to the soups, are all approved of. The sauces are to be well seasoned and juicy, and the vegetables are to be supplied with butter. The allowance of fat per day varies from two-and-a-half to three ounces, and the addition of this element to the food serves to limit with safety the quantity of meat consumed.

As regards meals and meal-times, Ebstein allows only three indulgences in this respect: breakfast, dinner, and supper, and there must be no 'luncheons, or so-called second breakfasts.' No evening meal or afternoon tea is permitted. Of alcoholics, two or three glasses of light wine, white or red, are allowed at dinner, but beer is entirely interdicted, unless such starches and sugars as are allowed are dispensed with, or 'duly restricted.' The diet-table adopted in a successful case of fat-reduction on the Ebstein system in a subject forty-four years of age (with the result of a reduction of girth by six inches in nine months, and in the last six months, of weight by twenty pounds) is given as follows:— Breakfast, one large cup of black tea, about half-a-pint, no milk or sugar, two ounces of white or brown bread toasted, with plenty of butter. Time—in winter, 7.30; in summer, 6 or 6.30. Dinner—between 2 and 2.30; soup, often with marrow, four to six-and-a-half ounces of roast or boiled meat, vegetables in moderation (leguminous vegetables preferably, and cabbages). Turnips were largely excluded, and potatoes were wholly debarred. Fresh fruit was allowed in moderation, as also were salads and stewed fruits without sugar. The liquids included two or three glasses of light white wine. Immediately after dinner a large cup of black tea, without sugar or milk, was given. Supper consisted in winter invariably of a large cup of black tea as after dinner, while in summer this liquid was occasionally given. An egg, or a little fat or roast meat, or both, or ham, with its fat, Bologna sausages, smoked or fresh fish, about one ounce of white bread well buttered,

and occasionally a little cheese and some fresh fruit, completed the meal, which was taken at from 7.30 to 8 P.M. The personal habits of the patient must include a moderate amount of muscular exercise so as to favour the removal and consumption of the fatty elements of the food. The gist of the Ebstein treatment resolves itself, therefore, into an attempt—and it must be confessed a successful and safe one—to consume the superfluous fat of the frame by the initiation in the bodily nutrition of actions depending for their effect upon the power of fat and nitrogenous food combined in the absence of starches and sugars, to reduce the superfluous tissue. But for our increased knowledge of the nature of foods such a practice of fat cure would have been a sheer impossibility of the medical art.

If any points in connection with this paper remain for remark, they may perchance be found in the assertion that, while it may be very desirable to reduce obesity, care should be taken to firstly consider the special circumstances of the case before dietetic experiments are indulged in at all. There are hereditarily stout persons to whom any fat-cure should logically appear as a foolish attempt to thwart and alter the natural constitution of the individuals concerned. It is in the case of such persons, whose stoutness is as natural as is the thinness of other individuals, that harmful effects are wrought by tampering with dietetic arrangements. It may be anything but pleasant for the obese person to be warned, even poetically, to—

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandising; know that the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

But the ills and worries of life include many worse details than healthy corpulence. That philosophy of human nature which, founded on experience, is seldom given to err, may find a counter-balancing side to the annoyance of a weighty frame, in the fact that the qualities of mirth, good humour, and keen appreciation of wit and learning are by no means the exclusive mental belongings of the 'lean and slipp'd pantaloon.'

ANDREW WILSON.

Flier-Weather.

EASTWARD—*Hacia el oriente!*
 T'wards the portals of the morning—
 T'wards the red gate of the sunrise. . . .
 Seeking so for warmth and brightness,
 Went the poet Flier-Weather,
 Always seeking much caloric
 In the land of endless summer—
Del perpétuo verano—
 Fleeing from all kinds of coldness,
 Sick'ning of all sleet and snow-flakes,
 Frosts and fogs and endless drizzle. . . .

Eastward—Eastward ! t'wards th' equator !
 Thus he journeyed, Weather-flier,
 Thus he turned his back on winter,
 Set his face towards the Sun-land,
 With his wife, *su sposa hoven*,
 Fair and faithful Margarita,
 She the very queen white daisy,
 Of the isles of *Inglaterra*.

Seventy hours—*setenta horas*—
 Night and day they journeyed onward,
 Flying always from the snow-land ;
 'Till the Ice god melted from them,
 'Till the Sun god smiled upon them,
 Warmed them with his wings of splendour,
 Shook his sparkling rays around them,
 Spread his yellow plumes above them—
 All his feathers gold and silver—
 Cried, 'Behold ! I am the Sun god !
 'Till the Flow'r god breathed upon them,

With his breath of many roses,
With his fragrance and his perfume,
With his essences and odours,
Shower'd his scented sweets upon them,
In the land of far Hispania—
Land of Cid and brave Rolando,
Of Velasques and Murillo,
Of Cervantes, the strong singer—
All his reds and whites and purples
From the plains of Andalusia,
Tierra de muchachas lindas—
From the land of lovely women—
Cried, ‘Behold! I am the Flow'r god!’
‘Till the earth grew em'rald under,
‘Till the skies grew azure over,
‘Till the air grew thick with sunshine—
And the great Tower of Sevilla
Rose above the green campaňa
Over mosque and over steeple,
High above the gilded turrets
Of the ancient Moorish city,
And the gardens, *Las delicias*,
Blossom-bower'd and odour-laden,
Girt by glittering Guadalquivir,
Where Eternal Summer lingers.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

‘*Jin.*’

HE always maintained her name was *Ginifer*, though the public and her ruder intimates knew her only by the abbreviation. How or whence she had derived such an original title she could not declare; still she was very certain, very earnest about it, as about all other convictions.

Was it perchance *Ginevra* she meant? This question was hazarded cautiously at a later day of her career. ‘Did they think she didn’t know how to speak her own name? Some folks, they did set theirselves up to be clever in inventing of new pronouncings! There warn’t nothing wrong ‘bout *Ginifer* as she know’d on. It wur a pretty name, not common-like, and she meant to stick by it.’

Too truly there was no indefinite colour about any of *Jin*’s opinions or statements. She cherished her prejudices and convictions with staunch pride worthy of better ones; moreover, she supported them, if occasion demanded, with good strong oaths and a highly flavoured vocabulary. Such methods of asseveration are demanded of those in her state of life. The eloquence of epithets sits naturally on the lips of those bred in vice and ignominy, and a little hard swearing is required to carry any weight of meaning to ears not polite.

You, my lord, of course swear by Jove, and bless your soul kindly; but the costermonger, your *brother* (in Christian phraseology, pray understand me), is less euphemistic.

He claims damages against heaven or hell, and curses different parts of his anatomy without favour. So much for language and the refinements thereof, the checks thereon. Probably you and the costermonger both mean much the same thing.

In any case *Jin* was emphatic, with the emphasis of invocation, regarding the few facts of her private life which she condescended to disclose.

Her parentage was not handed down by the reliable (?) testi-

mony of books, registers, family Bibles, or anything similarly respectable. Neither had any oral tradition in Pride's Lane recorded her origin. Consequently Jin 'didn't know nothin' 'bout father or mother. I s'pose they was a bad lot. Leastways they didn't trouble theirselves 'bout me, and I ain't got no cause to be grateful. I might have been took to the parish.'

Jin's earliest recollection of a guiding hand was associated with Mrs. Jacobs' sinuous fingers—or, without flattery, grasping claws. Only she used no pretty words regarding the said guiding hand, nor acknowledged with gratitude the curses and thumps which had been exercised upon her. These stimulants to work or theft had certainly produced no beneficial effect upon Jin's juvenile mind, rather urging her to lying and deceitful practices.

The Israelitish lady who leased a rotten tenement in a slum of St. Giles, underletting her apartments to thieves and vagabonds, was decidedly impartial in the use of her fists towards her juvenile lodgers. They each had their turn.

Mrs. Jacobs had also been known to assault some of her friends of maturer years, and had been bound over to keep the peace more than once. But for defenceless children there was no magisterial redress, and they endured with that pitiable stoicism and philosophic spirit which we so often marvel at.

Naturally toward Jin Mrs. Jacobs extended frequent chastisement. That indomitable spirit would not surrender the pence she had begged or the scraps of food she had purloined without a fight. But Jin unhappily always got the worst of it. She was the most friendless and unprotected of all the unholy crew that sheltered in Pride's Lane. This gutter child was but a nameless waif or stray, an indefinite article of humanity, such as there are thousands of about us, little parts of speech that make up the terrible language of vice and misery. Ah me! the grammar of life is a perplexing one to the wisest of us.

Nobody ever came to claim Jin, and she lived on sufferance in Mrs. Jacobs' dwelling. If the rooms were full, she slept on a landing or in the coal-cellars; otherwise the windiest attic was allotted to her, and she was expected in return to do the heaviest drudgery of the house. She lived in a haphazard way, begging or stealing according to the urgency of her needs or the amount of forcible hints received from Mrs. Jacobs.

Jin had certainly more than once during her short career merited magisterial punishment. It is difficult to say how she had escaped a reformatory. She had been guilty of repeated

petty thefts at eating-stalls and shop doors, and had taken toll of pounds of coal or draughts of milk and beer with systematic regularity when sent to purchase such commodities by the lodgers of Pride’s Lane.

However, Jin had not as yet been called before any bench, though she was undoubtedly entitled to claim the distinction of police notice. It must be admitted she cherished a contempt for those minions of the law who maintained public peace, priding herself on her own superior astuteness in escaping their detection.

Probably had not a more honourable career opened before her she would eventually have been drafted into some limbo of punishment, or a charitable dépôt for black sheep, where a veneer of honesty and sanctity might be laid on. As it was she escaped such vile durance, and gained the vaster glory—to her—of independence.

One November evening, being cold and famished—no unusual case—she loitered about the vacant spaces surrounding Covent Garden market. A stray potato, an imperfect carrot, or by great good luck a rotten banana might have fallen into some gutter unobserved by the other hungry waifs hanging about for the same purpose. Oftentimes on her twilight prowls Jin had been favoured in this way by her own preternaturally sharp eyes. To those in quest such an evening meal was not despicable.

To-night something better than a casual supper was achieved. The child was squatting stiff and silent beneath a heap of empty baskets, soon to be removed. Two other children sucking oranges, and apparently much engrossed in the task of suction, loitered past and took up their stand within a yard of Jin’s hiding-place.

Their conversation, disjointed and spasmodic considering their occupation, had reference to some small parts they were going to play in a forthcoming pantomime. As a matter of course, they soon began to quarrel over the rival merits of a Spider and a Fly, each claiming superiority over the other. Finally, the weaker of the two, not being convinced by argument of her inferior pantomimic status, was knocked into some sacks of potatoes, where she continued to howl lustily till hauled out by a benevolent policeman.

Jin’s sharp eyes scanned the appearance of the sufferer when set on her feet, and examined by her rescuer under a gas lamp.

‘Boo—o—o! There’s my orindge gone in the dirt, and she said as a Fly were much easier to play nor a Spider.’

This was not coherent, but irrelevant speech appertains to childhood.

It was quite evident that this aspirant to histrionic fame was poor and ill-clothed, though not absolutely ragged or without stockings, like Jin herself. But to the listener her aspect brought hope. It was possible, if such an ill-kempt and low-spirited little creature as this one was admitted to the paradise of a theatre, for Jin herself also to take part in some similar performance. The life of a theatre was unknown to her, and she had never heard that juvenile performers took part in it. Now a career which would be highly congenial to her tastes seemed to open before her. She certainly was not deficient in self-esteem, and appraised her own wits as up to the mark. Forthwith uncoiling her legs and creeping out of her lair, she resolved to make immediate application for a situation at the nearest theatre.

It did not take her long to run round a couple of corners and under the colonnades; for Jin was fleet of limb as a well-trained greyhound. Perhaps semi-starvation may account for many a thief's soundness of wind.

Of course Jin could not read, and the placard on the great doors of the theatre advertising for intelligent children to take part in the forthcoming pantomime did not convey anything definite to her mind.

'I suppose as the print means summat,' she soliloquised, glancing dubiously towards it.

The hours of application were stated to be between eleven and one o'clock. This might have damped the ardour of a more literate applicant, forced to wait another day.

But Jin, ignorant of any such hindrance in the way of advancement, rapped boldly at the enormous central door which gave admittance to the public. It certainly looked a cold and forbidding entrance, like one long disused, with its blistered paint and obliterated notices.

The ways of Thespis did not seem absolutely pleasant ways to the small applicant, whose bony knuckles ached with the vain effort to create a satisfactory noise. It was a very feeble sound they produced after all. At length Jin desisted, and stood sucking the injured joints of her right hand, deliberating as to a next proceeding. Her keen eyes wandered anxiously up and down the pile of buildings which she was aware constituted the 'theater.' Then her glance fell upon a smaller door, with a bell attached to it. Here she rang twice without receiving any

attention. A third summons, yet more vehement, brought a man to the door. There was a sound of chains dropping and bolts withdrawn, to a running accompaniment of growls.

'Who is there, and what do you want?' was the final remark, accompanied by a forcible expletive.

The voice was gruff and disagreeable enough even before Jin was seen.

'I'm a-locking up the place for the night. There's nothing going on here now.' Then the door was drawn back, and Jin's tattered raiment and battered head-gear were prominent under the gas lamp.

'You impudent little jade, be off wi' ye! To think as I've come through all them passages to open the door to a beggar's brat no better nor you!'

Then other steps were heard, steps to the rear of the irate doorkeeper. Jin restrained a retaliating volley of objurgation with difficulty.

'I ain't come here to see none of yer plays,' she said, with a ludicrous attempt at dignity. 'I ain't such a fool as not to know when theaters is playin'.'

'Be off,' repeated the man; 'and don't you be ringing that bell again, or as sure as you're alive I'll send for the police.'

A pitying smile passed over Jin's face.

'Oh, I don't want to take nought here. You ain't got no cause to hold on to the door that way, 'cept as yer can't stand upright. I ain't a burglar. I've only come to be took on in the pantermine.'

Jin spoke derisively in the prelude. The emphasised clause concerning the porter's inability to stand upright was an intentional hit. Certainly this was not a propitiatory address.

'I ain't so pertickler even if it's a monkey or a insek as yer gives me to play, only I think as a fair-e 'ud suit me best. You see I'm lightish, for want of vittles at times, and I knows how to kick my legs about.'

Jin could see all this time that there was another listener to the rear of the incensed doorkeeper. This one now advanced towards the applicant, and the subordinate officer fell back from the door.

'She's as impudent a little hussy as ever stepped, sir. I don't advise you to have nought to say to her.'

But his superior pushed him aside with a lordly air.

Only a dim light came from some distance up the passage,

but the gas lamp in the street just over Jin's head revealed the individual whose ample proportions filled up the doorway as a man of burly figure, clad in a checked suit with a crimson tie and massive watch-chain—things very alluring to Jin's regard. Her eyes wandered from the conspicuous tie with the opal pin to the enormous chain and back again, as if calculating their value.

The man's eyes glanced with less interest and speculation over the outline of the attenuated little figure facing him so boldly. The child's small white face and bright brown eyes were not conspicuous for beauty, though instinct with intelligence. It was, however, no new thing to have half-starved and ragged children seeking to be transformed into fairies.

'Oh, I'm glad as you've come. He,' with a contemptuous jerk of a dirty thumb towards the shadowy passage, 'tried to come the 'igh hand over me. But I knew as he weren't first fiddle here.'

Then Jin communicated her aspirations and enumerated her qualifications, with a good deal of dramatic action thrown in. With the utmost gravity she lifted her tattered skirt and revealed two miserable limbs, destitute of stockings and with very fragmentary boots. The man half turned away as though unwilling to contemplate anything so painful. Jin dropped her poor garment, making a hideous grimace over her shoulder as though at some invisible evil counsellor.

'I s'pose as they likes good legs here. But ain't mine good enough for nothin' at all?' she said fiercely. 'If they was dressed up in clean stockings with no holes in 'em, I don't rarely think as they'd be so bad.' Then a happy afterthought seemed to strike Jin, and her face broke out in a sunny smile.

'Say, now, couldn't I be a Daddy Long-legs? You know they goes sorter slow in cold weather. Why, I've cotched lots of 'em upon the slates in our lane.'

Jin looked up at the man in authority with more longing than she was aware of. Her pride would not allow her consciously to assume the attitude of a pleader. Still the Elysium of a 'pantermine' did appear more desirable as it became more unattainable.

'This is not the proper time to apply,' said the gentleman with the watch-chain, curtly. Yet there was less severity in his tone than Jin had expected, and she was so seasoned to curses and foul language that anything short of violent abuse appeared suavity to her ears.

'I suppose you didn't read our regulations,' continued the man; 'or very likely you can't read. However, as we're rather short of children for our pantomime this season, I'll give you a trial. You come round on Wednesday morning at eleven sharp, and we'll trot you out. Madame Bratter will soon see what stuff you're made of. You understand you must come regularly to rehearsals—that's practising; or you'll be turned off—get the sack.'

Jin drew herself up and smiled in a way contemptuous of such a doubt.

'Oh, never you fear! I'll come reg'lar enough. It's warm in a theater, and comfabler than the streets. And—I s'pose as you'll pay me summat—a trifle—if I'm spry about the business. Old Mother Jacobs, she always says—when she ain't drunk, which she 'most always is—as I've the wit of ten others. That ain't bad, I can tell ye, for we're a sharp lot in our street.'

The manager smiled involuntarily at the heroine's self-laudation, uttered with profound conviction. There was an indescribable energy and force about Jin's gestures as well as her language.

'Then come inside now, Miss Sharp Wits, and let old Brown here enter your name and tell you what time to come Wednesday.—Good night, Brown. Don't let this little baggage get lost in the theatre.'

Then the great good-natured man rolled through the doorway and soon disappeared in the outside darkness.

Jin, nothing loth to explore the labyrinths of a theatre, obeyed the porter's sign to enter, and followed him through a long passage till she reached a small retreat where there was a fire and a gas jet flaring.

'My eyes! it is dirty,' said the fastidious critic of the slums, looking about with disdain at the cobwebs and damp stains on the walls. 'I allers thought it 'ud be all gold and shining at the back of a theater, where the fair-es come from.'

As Jin seated herself on the edge of a well-worn morocco chair her disgust was apparent.

'What's yer name?' said the surly individual known as Brown, drawing a book towards him, and digging a pen deep into a pewter inkstand.

'Ginifer.'

'What?'

'Ginifer. Have yer never heard tell of her as got shut in a box when she was hidin' for play? I can show yer a shop winder where there's a picture of her. She's all dressed in white, and a

flower crown on her head, a-gettin' into a box with a smile on her face, as if it was a rare game.'

Jin grew pensive at the recollection. Her bright eyes were fixed absently on the gas flame.

'Shut up, you chatterbox. How the devil do you spell yourself?' growled the man, who was not well versed in romance.

'Oh, that don't sinnify,' said Jin airily, with a disdainful sweep of one hand, as if to dismiss such an unimportant matter as orthography.

'Wot are yer waiting for?' she continued sharply, glancing at the suspended pen.

'Ginifer *what?* you cheeky little jade,' said Brown, with an angry frown.

'There ain't nought more as I knows on. There's some folks as don't need two handles to find 'em. I'm like a Ry'al 'ighness; they ain't no use to me. I ain't a every-day sort to be bothered with two names.'

Jin delivered this explanation with grim humour. It was her version of her own notoriety.

'I lives at Mrs. Jacobs', Pride's Lane, Seven Dials,' she continued. 'If yer wants a naddress, that's it, and they all knows me in our street.'

Mr. Brown apparently regarded the name-taking as an altogether superfluous matter, and, scribbling down the reference hastily, he closed the book and bade Jin depart.

She got up and shook out her ragged skirt as though it had been soiled by contact with the greasy chair.

'He was a swell,' she said, pointing over her shoulder towards the passage, and speaking in a hoarse whisper. 'Does the theater b'long of him?'

Mr. Brown slammed down the lid of the desk, and locked it.

'Be off, you impudent little hussy. I've had more than enough of you. I never did see such a one to talk in all my born days.'

'He was shaved clean, and had a gold chain and a sating scarf,' went on the irrepressible one, 'and he ordered you about, and you didn't say nothin'. I guess he's top sawyer here. Good-bye to yer. I'll be sure and come Wednesday.'

The subsequent days and weeks were delightful beyond any past experience of life to this adventuress of the gutter. Fancy had never painted any visions equal to the delightful reality of rehearsals.

The theatre became to Jin the all-important platform of life, and her own personality an important factor of its prosperity. Within the precincts of this building she tasted a pure and unalloyed happiness, and the praise of the dancing-mistress was, to her who had never known approval, a rich guerdon.

The unhallowed fane was the scene of the highest aspirations Jin had ever known, and here were born the first seedlings of duty—the duty to exert herself to the utmost. Here a faint notion of doing her best, of striving after perfection, came to life. And surely the belief in any perfection is a religion, strengthening and far-reaching in effects.

Under the roof of the theatre Jin's physical being likewise developed. Here she was warmed and fed, and had her fill of fun and laughter—more innocent fun than she had ever known in the foul dens she frequented. Good-natured carpenters and scene-shifters, or more prosperous companions of her own age, were often generous in the matter of cakes and ale, sandwiches, buns, bones, or whatever constituted their dinner. Jin had a dinner 'reg'lar' now, she boasted.

By degrees the child was metamorphosed. Her sickly pallor disappeared, and her skinny limbs took on a semblance of flesh. As to her nimble wits, they developed in a marvellous degree beneath the favouring hand of fortune. She was the life and soul of the children's classes, and her talent for repartee frequently convulsed her elders. Such ready responses relieved the tedium of irksome training and monotonous reiteration of directions.

Jin never required to be told anything a second time, and she of course took the lead amongst the other children. They looked to her for example, appealed to her for help, and sought her consolation when in disgrace. It was philosophic comfort she usually tendered, for her mind was strongly coloured with stoicism. But it was an admirable plaster of common sense and humour, and salved the practical minds of poverty-stricken elves.

To a hundred or more miserable little mortals, who knew no playground but reeking slums and vile courts, no dolls but other people's babies, no prattle but oaths and hideous language, the glitter, brightness, and general make-believe theatre existence was fascinating in the extreme. Flowers and insects they had never seen were to be represented, fays and imps such as their prosaic imaginations never conceived were to be personated. What a revelation of an ideal world to untaught colourless minds !

But to Jin it was more than fascination. Her own use and

importance seemed at last a significant fact in the creation of that host of unclaimed homeless children who are cast abroad about our big cities.

At times she appeared like one possessed with joy, dancing and flitting about with the most inveterate activity and enjoyment.

When Jin was finally chosen as Queen of the Dewdrops her joy knew no bounds. It culminated beyond all measure of speech when her dress was tried on. She sighed and sighed as she tenderly fingered the airy glittering tissue. The look of bewilderment, almost of awe, upon her face sat strangely there. For Jin was not easily overcome.

That day, the last of the rehearsals, she marshalled all her little Dewdrop ladies with indescribable pride. Jin was quite confident that she knew her own part perfectly, not only the many steps she had to dance, but the few words she had to say. With some little difficulty she had been taught to modulate her sharp cracked voice—the voice of a child of the streets, penetrating and insistent generally by reason of the urgent necessity to make itself heard or to die utterly.

'R'hersal is very serious,' dictated Jin in reproofing tones to a ridiculous mite of a child taken with a sudden access of giggling over the antics of an energetic boy earwig.

The final trial passed off satisfactorily, and Madame Bratter dismissed her party expressing herself completely satisfied with their manœuvres. Under the gas lamps of a public-house, on her own native pavement in Pride's Lane, Jin detailed her performance that evening, pirouetting as gracefully as she could over cabbage stalks and filthy refuse, further disqualified for dancing by an odd pair of boots with heels of different sizes.

'You're a-gettin' quite stuck up,' remarked one envious juvenile, with an accent of derision. 'We shall 'ave yer settin' up for a hopera dancer some day.'

Jin smirked with much self-satisfaction. She by no means regarded this as an improbable conclusion to her career. For surely no fairy romance was more wonderful than the sudden rise of her fortunes.

The Great Pantomime in which Jin figured prominently amongst the children was pronounced a glorious success by all the juveniles who visited it during the holidays. The home of the Dewdrop Queen, and the shrill-tongued sovereign who moved so gracefully, and gave her commands with such truly royal

assumption of dignity and grace, were freely applauded. Jin was on all sides recognised as a feature of the entertainment. Her queer elfish face, quaint with its preternatural shrewdness, had an irresistible attraction. For verily the child’s face was a history. On it were written a multitude of experiences, knowledge of evil, struggling desires, irrepressible humour, and above all broke the unmistakable light of intelligence and indomitable spirit.

Jin, encouraged and smiled upon by many of the staff, became consequential. She imitated the leading ladies, mimicked the clown, and caught the spirit of pantomime in everything. She had decided histrionic gifts, leaning often to burlesque. Her swagger was charming, her boasting laughable nonsense. She enlarged and embellished everything. Her fancy knew no checks.

‘We must have you here again next year,’ said Mr. Raikes, the gentleman of the watch-chain, patting Jin’s head approvingly one night as she came off the stage. ‘You’re worth half a dozen of the ordinary children. I expect you’ll be leading lady some day.’

Jin glowed with excited pride, a feeling only tempered by the recollection that next winter was very far off, and that the present season of pantomime was nearly at an end. How was she to exist in the meantime? For it did not seem desirable to Jin to go back to her thieving ways. There was something better in the world than living by dishonest practices. Still, if she could tide over a few pantomime seasons, a career of respectability might open before her.

‘I’ll do better next year, sir,’ she said, glancing up with quick bright eyes. ‘I won’t be new to the business, yer see.’

‘Ah, no, Jin, this business will know you no more!

The last night had come, and Jin with a heavy sigh had put on her dewdrop frock and glittering crown for the last time. A cold tremor seized her when she thought of all the evenings henceforth to be spent in Pride’s Lane instead of in fairy palaces, realms of light and beauty. Yet never had she tripped so gracefully across the stage, or demeaned herself with such pretty dignity. Her shrill voice had a peculiar pathos when she pronounced the doom of the dewdrops before the rising sun. The end of the transformation scene came, and the curtain fell. Amidst tumultuous applause it rose again, and the little stage Queen led her little Court forward. There were tears in Jin’s bright eyes.

When all was over, there was to be a supper for the children,

and so many of them lingered till after the harlequinade. Jin begged to be allowed to wear her dress.

'It don't make much matter now if it gets dirty,' she said, with a sigh; 'there'll be nobody to look at it to-morrow.' And so the supper was eaten and sleepy children were bidden to depart. Many of them had elders, reputed sisters or aunts, seldom a mother, to fetch them. But nobody came for Jin.

'Now hurry up,' said old Brown, seeing her still loitering about the passages in her fairy robes. 'I want to be locking up.'

The carpenters had gone, the dressers had gone, clown, pantaloons, and harlequin had all hurried eastwards or westwards.

Brown, as a final ceremony, betook himself to a whisky bottle in the manager's room, and there after a couple of doses fell into a deep sleep.

Jin, unable to tear herself away from the scene of so much happiness, wandered into one of the property rooms. She knew there was a long mirror here, for she had often practised before it. She turned up the gas and figured for a space in front of it.

'Tis the last time,' she muttered more than once. 'Oh, I do love play-actin'!' with a heavy sigh.

Then a huge chest, carved and massive, attracted her notice. She did not remember to have seen it before.

'Why, it's like the other Ginifers. I do declare I can play-act Ginifer!' And all the time Brown slept on, giving vent to regular sonorous sounds.

With all her strength exerted, Jin lifted the heavy lid of the chest.

'And I've got a white gown and a crown like the Ginifer in the shop winder.'

She laughed gaily and stepped into the chest, looking at her own image all the time. Jin! oh, Jin! can you not see the grey shadow with uplifted scythe above your crown of dewdrops? Laugh on, happy one! You have had your day, poor wayside weed, that might on other soil have blossomed into some beauteous flower. Think no more of the dread morrow, and the long stretch of dull and toilsome days reaching on to next winter. Uncertainty will never be yours any more. Your little triumph has made a bright ripple on the dead monotony of misery to which you were born. Happier than some in this! Go to rest, Ginifer, with a smile on your face, and with your poor little laurels clasped close to your brave breast. An all-seeing, all-wise Guide is leading your steps perchance to cleaner ways. Good night, Jin! good night!

The child smiles radiantly at herself in the long mirror in which the glitter of tinsel and bright dewdrops are reflected. Suddenly her frail arm, weakened by the long strain, relaxes its hold of the ponderous lid. With a dull heavy thud it falls, and the lock snaps fiercely.

It was early morning when Mr. Brown awoke and found himself in the cold company of an empty whisky bottle. The fire had gone out, and the chill breath of dawn penetrated the room. All outside was silent, though the gas jet was flaring overhead. Mr. Brown rose stiffly, swearing volubly. Having locked up, and extinguished the gas in the passages, as he made his way out he was surprised to see a room used for storing furniture with the door wide open and a light burning.

'It's very careless of 'em,' he grumbled. As he stretched up a hand to turn off the gas he glanced at his own dishevelled state in the long mirror. Surely, oh! surely some childish outline yet dims the clearness of that mirror. No. The mirror gives back no phantom. Too late, too late, Mr. Brown. All is bare, all is silent here.

They found her the next day when the chest had to be moved. She was dead with a smile on her face. A heavy bruise on her brow showed where the lid had stunned her, and so perchance she had escaped the conscious agony of suffocation. They laid her to rest dressed and crowned in the attire she had so well loved. With her poor little gauds and tinsel finery wrapped about her she sleeps well. Good night, Ginifer! good night!

H. MUSGRAVE.

A Day's Stalking.

WHAT is the extreme amount of physical torture and of mental anguish that a human being can manage to endure in the course of a single day? There must, of course, be many and diverse answers to such a question; but here at least is one solution which some folk may perhaps be disposed to regard as being not very wide of the mark.

As the silver-grey dawn begins to steal up the silent strath—here in the remote wilds of Ross-shire—you awaken with a haunting sense of impending doom. What is it, then? Are you going to be hanged? Alas! no—for hanging would be over at eight o'clock; and thereafter would follow silence and peace. Are you going to make a first appearance on the stage? Well, that is not very pleasant; especially when you have no business there, and if you are anxious the public should not perceive that the ancient shepherd is wearing spectacles—for ancient shepherds were not in the habit of wearing spectacles in the days of Leontes and Polixenes. No, it is something far worse than that; and now you know you cannot escape from it; for certain soft footfalls on the grass without inform you that the ponies have already arrived. You get up and look from the window. Yes, there they are: Beauly the white, furnished with a deer-saddle to bring home the stag that was shot yesterday; and Bonar the brown, having an ordinary saddle to carry you away into the wilderness where your sufferings are to begin. And there, too, is Peter, smoking a solitary pipe; for Hugh, the head-keeper, went away long before daybreak, to spy out the land.

Breakfast over, you stealthily leave the sleeping house, and presently the mute procession is making away down to ford the river. And perhaps it is to avoid the thought of all that is to follow that the mind seeks refuge in a little meditation, of the modern kind. Why, now, should ponies—and presumably horses—betray such terror on 'winding' a deer? This Bonar that one

is riding is quite a favourite with the gillies because he can be got to approach a slain stag; but even he must have his nose smeared with the stag's blood first, to render him callous to the scent. The other ponies shiver with fright the moment they 'wind' a deer, and swerve away in terror so that the foresters have sometimes a fine job of it before they can get the carcass strapped on the saddle. Now how should the pony or the horse have acquired any dread of the most timid and harmless creature that exists? Or is it that they have inherited a fear of some predatory beast whose scent resembled that of the deer? And what horrible creature was it, then, that roamed the ancient Caledonian forest, the terror of the more peaceful animals in the straths? And how many ages ago?

Whirr! A grouse-cock springs from a heathery knoll—the unexpectant Beauly jumps aside in sudden fright—and behold! Peter is lying on his back, with one foot still dangling in the stirrup. But Beauly remains stock still; the discomfited horseman, scowling vengefully, gets up again, and gives the poor brute a savage kick ere he remounts into the saddle; therewithal we get down to the river, to seek out the ford.

Now Bonar has the reputation of knowing every ford in this stream much more accurately than any native of the district; and the usual fashion is to put him into the water and let him find his way across for himself. But this morning—whether it is that the recent spate has altered the look of the bank, or what not—Bonar seems afraid to venture. While as yet the water is hardly over his knees, he regards the swollen blue-brown current with a dark suspicion, and keeps edging his way further and further downstream, until one begins to think he is making for the Kyle of Sutherland. And then what command have you over him, when you are holding your feet level with his ears? But at last he makes the plunge—pauses to get his weight against the heavy stream—cautiously and with slow travail forces his way through—and at length we reach the land. Then there is a stiff climb—with one's nose, now, instead of one's feet, close to the pony's ears—up some hundred yards or so of a hill-side about as steep as the side of a house; and finally we gain the highway, where both the ponies are put into a gentle trot.

Then come back those awful warnings of Scrope, of St. John, of Colquhoun, and all the other authorities. What avail the bull's eyes at the target on the hill-side, if a fit of 'buck-ague' is likely to seize one at the critical moment, or if an excited

forester should alarm the stag before you have got the twin sights rightly on him? Or, again, supposing you have your nerves absolutely under control, what if your opportunity should come late in the day, when your teeth are chattering in your head with cold, and your frozen fingers trembling? The look of the morning around you is not too encouraging. Snow lies thick on the higher hills; a wintry sleet has begun to blow down from the north; and if the wind as yet, here in the glens, is mild enough, you know what it will be in the bleak altitudes whither you are bound. Moreover, another misfortune now befalls the luckless Peter. Suddenly Beaulx stops short in the middle of the highway, and begins to lash out with her hind legs. Peter descends, quickly. He makes a pretence of examining the harness, but in a hopeless kind of way.

‘She’s aye like that, wi’ the deer-saddle,’ says he; and then he adds with resignation: ‘I’ll chist hef to wahk.’ So we set off at foot-pace now, to get over the long and weary miles that lie between us and the haunted ground.

Shortly after leaving the highway we have to ford another river; and here an unexpected descent of Bonar into a deep hole fills one’s boots with water; but this is rather an advantage, for it relieves one from all further anxiety; indeed, as the persistent soaking of the sleet is now beginning to penetrate even Harris homespun, there is not much use in trying to keep one’s feet dry when one’s shoulders and knees are wet. After crossing this river and going through some woods, we get away up into a much wilder country. All signs of civilisation gradually cease: what could civilisation do with this wild waste of bog and rock? As one looks at the hopeless swamps, at the sterile slopes scarred with peat-hags, and the stony heights above, it is with a petulant wish that some half-dozen of the people who in the House of Commons express their innocent views about unclaimed land could have a free gift granted them of a dozen square miles of this country: on the condition, however, that, after a certain time, if it was found they could not make a living out of it, they should have ten years in Milbank Penitentiary for talking trash. However, that is the autocratic way of settling questions, and is not in favour at present. What claims more immediate attention (as the wise and faithful Bonar, having left the hill-track far behind, is now choosing a path for himself, clambering over boulders and stones, or carefully descending into swampy little gullies) is this:—Every one knows that it is no use going after

the deer unless a young lady—the prettier the better—gives you some little present to take with you for luck. Well, supposing the young lady, out of her native generosity, has sent you an enormous length of rose-red ribbon; and supposing that, out of further generosity, you have shared this gift with your companions—until, indeed, every noble sportsman in the lodge is proudly wearing a crimson neck-tie, manipulated by his own clumsy fingers; supposing, in short, you have nothing but a scrap left for yourself—what if that scrap should prove a half-exhausted talisman, like the one described by Mr. Besant and Mr. Pollock in these pages? Or what—still more hideous thought!—if it were to act the wrong way, like the repellent pole of a magnet, or the brain of the young man of whom Mr. Longfellow used to tell a tale?¹ For, alas! the mind instinctively turns to gloomy portents and forebodings, in this solitude of mists, and moorland, and sombre, voiceless hills.

At length, after some eight miles of lonely travel, we reach the little ravine in which the ponies are usually left; but on this occasion Beauly only is hobbled and turned loose; the faithful Bonar, with the deer-saddle transferred to his back, is to come on with us to bring home the stag that was shot yesterday. Meanwhile Peter is attentively scanning the vast extent of lifeless country that lies to the east and west and south of us.

‘I’m not seeing him,’ he observes at length—for apparently there is no Hugh anywhere within sight.

‘Where shall we make for, then, Peter?’

‘We’ll chist mek for the top, sir,’ he answers, looking across a wide waste of moorland to the far crest of a line of hill.

Well, well. One who has been up to that skyline before accepts his fate with resignation. He knows how Peter will proceed. No avoidance of swamps, no zigzag of steep places, no temporising with the deep peat-hags filled with drifts of snow; but a bee-line for the summit—that is Peter’s way. At first of course, we have to descend into the little ravine and cross the burn—

¹ ‘Mr. Longfellow,’ said the breathless and bewildered young man (meaning to say quite the opposite), ‘I—I—am one of the—one of the few people who have read your *Evangeline*.’ It is to be suspected, however, that Longfellow used to invent some of those stories. That of the Englishman who said, ‘Very glad to have seen you, Mr. Longfellow; you know there are no other old ruins in your country’—that legend sounds a little apocryphal. There is a more natural touch about the tale of the western man who came to see Longfellow’s house which had been General Washington’s head-quarters during the war of independence; and when he was taking leave of the venerable poet, who had most courteously shown him over the place, shook hands and said, ‘Well, good-bye, General; I am proud to see you looking so hale at your advanced age.’

wading through it, in fact, for both of us are wet to the skin by this time, though it is yet but about ten o'clock. Then begins the laborious toil across the marshy flats—unreclaimed land with a vengeance, that allows you to sink to the knees at every step, in a spongy mixture of moss and water. Poor Bonar has a bad time of it here; sometimes he gets bogged altogether, and resolutely stands still, hard-breathing; whereupon Peter goes in front of him, and with both hands on the rein hauls at his four-footed companion's head until Bonar makes another frantic effort to free himself. By-and-by we get up to harder ground, cut in every direction by black peat-hags, into which one slips, and out of which one scrambles. Here and there in the hags are drifts of snow—a nice soft bed some eight or ten feet deep, if one were to stumble in. The higher one gets, the keener blows the wind, the wilder come those blasts of sleet; but it is not cold that is the trouble; indeed one is glad to perceive that even Peter, hardy mountaineer as he is, has his face ablaze, and that more than once he has to remove his cap and mop the perspiration off his streaming hair. What is of more consequence than either cold or heat is the fact that the clouds are coming down, threatening to extinguish the land altogether. The sharp white peaks of Suilven and Canisp, and the heavy shoulders of Benmore, have long since vanished; on the hills quite close to us the mists are slowly descending, approaching stealthily, imperceptibly; an overshadowing gloom is gradually encompassing the world.

Suddenly, through the bewilderment of mist and sleet, a figure appears—a startling thing in this solitary place; and here is the broad-shouldered and long-limbed Hugh, himself hard-blown, for he must have come from a great distance, and at an extraordinary pace, to overtake us. It turns out that Master Peter has mistaken his directions; that Hugh was waiting for us some miles below; that half his morning's work has gone for nothing.

‘Have you seen anything, Hugh?’

‘Oh, yes, sir; but they're away down at the east end, this side the Glass-alt burn.’ And then he turns with a look of gentle reproach to Peter. ‘You've made it an ahfu' round for us’—and well does a not uninterested bystander know what *that* brief phrase means.

On we go again, clambering up this steep hill-side, making use of the peat-hags mostly, unless where the snow renders them impassable, until a further halt is called, when Peter and the pony are sent off in a certain direction, towards the slain stag that is

lying somewhere concealed. Thereafter Hugh and his remaining companion, each with a rifle over his shoulder, continue this heart-breaking climb, until they reach the watershed along the crest of the hill, where more circumspection becomes necessary, for the valley now opening out below them has to be carefully scanned. But what is the use? Momentarily the clouds are stealing further and further down; finally we are inclosed on all hands by an impenetrable grey veil—a girl could fling a stone further than we can see. And then one discovers by the wind that Hugh is making west.

‘Look here, Hugh; are you going to help Peter with the stag?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘How far away is it?’

‘Oh, just a mile or two.’

A mile or two!—one knows what that imports.

‘And of course you are coming back this way?’

‘Oh, yes, sir.’

‘All right. I’m going to bury myself in a peat-hag, out of the wind, and wait for you.’

‘Very well, sir. It’ll be a long time before I am back; but you’ll no move out o’ the peat-hag, sir, or mebbe I’ll no be finding you in the mist.’

A deep black gully is chosen; the rifle is placed handy, lest a stag should come wandering through the clouds; the long figure of the forester vanishes away like a phantom; and a solitary human creature is left to pace up and down a few feet of grass protruding from the snow, with such reflections as are appropriate to the occasion. At first, indeed, there is no great physical discomfort; for although the wind comes swirling round into the peat-hag, still, as one is all ablaze with the long fatigues of the morning, it is rather pleasant than otherwise. But as that temporary heat cools down, and is succeeded by the consciousness that you are wet through—with perspiration, or with sleet, or with both combined—then these gusts begin to strike chill indeed. You face them, and they seem to go right through your chest; you turn your back, and they appear to pierce your very marrow. Exercise is hardly possible in this restricted space; besides, so long as you stand still, the water in your boots remains in a kind of tepid state; whereas when you move an icy thrill strikes through your feet. As for a stag coming across, which would be the more frightened—it or you? No, there is nothing for it but to stand idly about on the snow—which is drier

than the grass, if that is any advantage—shifting from time to time to expose some other section of your fast-freezing body to the bitter blast, watching for the reappearance of a spectral world through this pale curtain of cloud, and wondering whether you would like to be buried in Kensal Green or on the western shores of the island of Ulva.

And then you think of your friends, particularly those of them who are at this moment wending their way to Pall Mall. There goes one of them up the steps of his club. Of course he stops for his letters, for this is the great Literary Octopus, whose far-reaching tentacles suck sustenance from all parts of the world; and in that bundle of envelopes there are doubtless contributions (the smallest thankfully received) from Cathay, unconsidered trifles from Tasmania, post-office orders from Newfoundland. Then, burdened with his various wealth, he seeks the coffee-room. And oh, how ill he is!—a crumpled rose-leaf woke him this morning seven minutes before the proper time; and nothing will restore him now but a luncheon that five stout navvies could hardly make away with. It is a horrid sight to see the curried prawns, the roast mutton and jelly, the stewed prunes, the cheese and celery, the French pears and what not disappear into that capacious maw: indeed—why—instinctively one's hand gradually sidles into a certain pocket, and behold! a little paper parcel. It is all wet now with the sleet; but that can't be helped. The bread is moist; the flakes of cold meat are limp; the salt has melted. But it is food, and it affords occupation. When the drink question comes along, that is less easily settled, for there is no water within miles, even if one dared venture out in search of it; so there is but the other alternative—to half fill your mouth with snow, add some whisky, and swallow the mixture: *Deus sit propitius huic potatori!* Of course the inner man—the vagus nerve, that is—howls aloud! ‘Here, what on earth do you mean? What are you doing? What's this? Do you call this a drink?’ No, I don't call it a drink; I don't call a decoction of minced North Pole and fire a fluid of any sort or kind; but it is the only thing procurable. A great poet of our own day, who is passionately fond of the sea, and is also an excellent swimmer, declares that, if you are pent up in town or country, you have only to use samphire soap in order to induce the impression that you have just come in from breasting the breakers off the rocks of Alderney or Sark. Well, a man may persuade himself of much; but if he has just swallowed a combination of snow—of

granulated ice, rather—and Highland whisky, I will defy him to believe that he has had a drink.

Without any warning of sound an apparition starts out of the clouds; this is Hugh come back; and right joyfully does the frozen mummy in the peat-hag receive the intelligence that there is a long tramp before him, for there is now a prospect of getting thawed into life again. It is true the deer are not more than four or five miles off; but we have to make a long détour in order to avoid giving them our wind; and our road lies over the roughest possible ground. As we get away from those chilly altitudes, we leave the snow behind; the mist clears so that a sort of phantom world becomes visible, but a world without perspective; everything is vertical—the Glass-alt burn appears like a bit of white ribbon suspended from the sky. We are now considerably over our march; but as two friends of ours are in temporary occupation of the neighbouring forest, that does not greatly matter. On and on we toil until we are almost down into the valley; indeed, at one point, a chance slip comes near to bringing the stalk and the career of the present writer alike to a sudden end, for he goes softly gliding down a slope of peat, and is just about being hurled into the ravine below when his feet happen to catch on the stump of a birch-tree, and he is enabled slowly to clamber up again. By this time Hugh is a long way ahead, making straight for the promised land.

But when at length he gets near to the neighbourhood where he saw the deer in the morning, he begins to walk more cautiously—then stealthily—sometimes stooping, and always anxiously scanning every distant knoll and gully. All at once he drops down on the ground, prone, and after a minute's quiet proceeds to get out his telescope and push it through the grass and heather in front of his nose. Then he turns round and crawls back for some distance before he thinks it safe to get up; and when he speaks he speaks in awful whispers.

‘They're feeding again,’ he says, ‘but they've moved up wind. We'll have to go aewh back.’

‘Away back? Well, well, it is all in the day's work; one shoulders the rifle again, and resumes the weary trudge over this long heather and up and down and over those interminable peat-hags. It is pitiful to see our own tracks in the black soft soil, and to know that all this labour has been wasted. The rifle gets to be abnormally heavy. Crouching was never the natural gait of man. What happens when the lungs burst?’

By-and-by after a long circuit the crouching becomes lower and lower, until finally Hugh goes down on his face and begins to get forward as though he were slowly swimming. I have to do the like; only that whereas Hugh can safely push along his rifle parallel with himself, I have (for fear of accident) to shift mine transversely, half a foot at a time, which is a most hampered method of progression. Moreover, it is hard that when once the water that has soaked through one's clothes has been comfortably warmed up by all the previous toil, it should now be chilled, or displaced, by new water from the outside. Every movement forward sends a fresh ice-current up to the elbows, and from the knees down to the boots. One's face and knuckles are torn by the twigs of the heather; but that is less of a consideration than the fact that the hand that holds the rifle is deadly cold and stiff. Hugh swims more cautiously now—inch by inch he gets along: then he stops short, to allow me to crawl up to his side. The rifles are stealthily taken out of their waterproof cases, and put on full cock.

‘I can only see two hinds,’ he says in a whisper, ‘but the others are no far off. There’s five hinds and a stag.’

Does this right hand tremble? Not a bit. Nerves?—like a rock. You only clinch your teeth a little.

All of a sudden a startling vision presents itself: there are two living creatures—two beautiful animals, of a warm dun colour—quietly trotting along the top of a distant knoll, if that can be called a trot which is rather a light springing over the tall heather. Portentously large they look after our long wanderings through an empty world—a bewilderment, too, for in one brief second you have to ask and answer yourself half a dozen questions. Is it worth while trying for one of these hinds? How many yards off? Better wait for a chance at the stag? Will they carry the alarm? Is this all that we are to see of the deer?

‘Will ye take the shot, sir?—they’re about three hundred yards,’ says Hugh, not very eagerly, as the light-limbed, slim-necked creatures keep on their way, hardly seeming to touch the earth.

‘No; a stag or nothing. But what started them?’

‘They’ve got suspicious about something,’ is Hugh’s whispered answer, as he cautiously rises to his feet, and looks across to the little plateau where he had last seen the deer feeding.

‘Will they frighten the others away?’ is the next question.

‘Maybe they’ll no go far. We’ll just have to search the small corries.’

Searching the small corries sounds an innocent kind of thing ; but it turns out to be a terrible business ; for it is nearly all either crouching or crawling, and it is protracted until the misery of it becomes almost unendurable. Moreover, it is raining persistently—not that that can make you any wetter than you are, but that, if you are wearing spectacles, the landscape becomes transformed into a sort of nebulous phantasmagoria ; and what are your chances of getting the stag even if you were to find him ? No ; you begin to think it is a shame to shoot such beautiful creatures. Why should they not be left to the freedom of their native wilds, to the fierce joy of the tournaments in mid-October, to the milder graces of maternity in the spring ? Are not all of us *feræ naturæ* in a sense ?—is there not a certain kinship ?—

Down drops Hugh on the heather, as if he had been shot through the heart. When one slowly and arduously creeps up to him, it is to find that he is peering into a sort of hollow surrounded by low knolls. With his hand he beckons his unfortunate pupil to come up.

‘The stag and four of the hinds are there,’ he says, apparently talking into the ground.

A little further crawling, the raising of your head an inch, and you see a strange thing amazingly near you. It is the back of a deer, of a vivid fawn colour, and the animal is quietly feeding not fifty yards off. The agonised excitement of such a moment ! The head of the deer being out of sight, you cannot tell whether this is the stag or only one of the hinds ; if it is one of the hinds, how are you to get at the stag without alarming his companion ?

‘Hugh, is that the stag ?’

‘Yes, yes, sir,’ is the muttered reply.

Perhaps the slight hissing sound has reached him. He raises his head slightly—then he throws it right up and shows his branching antlers—a noble sight ! The rifle is quickly pushed through the heather—how long will the stag remain motionless ? Surely he has caught sight of Hugh ?

‘Fire, sir, fire ; he’ll be away !’ calls out Hugh, oblivious of consequences ; and how in your desperation can you tell him to be quiet ? No, there is nothing for it now but to take a snapshot—well forward—with such steadying of the two sights as is possible in this wild second—the haphazard shot is fired—the stag bounds forward just an instant too late—Hugh springs to his

feet, makes for the top of the knoll, and has a right and left at him as he flies over the crest—he loads again and tries to pick off a hind—I take a despairing farewell shot at another hind crossing the skyline some four hundred yards away—and then, after this staccato fusillade, there is an awful silence.

‘Nothing touched, Hugh?’

‘Nothing, sir.’

‘How did I come to miss that stag?’

‘You fired just a foot in front of his shoulder, sir,’ Hugh says hopelessly.

‘When he wasn’t moving, then? Why, if I had taken my own time I could have had a standing shot!’

‘Ay, mebbe that, sir; but I thought he was off; as soon as he saw us I made sure he was off.’

There is further silence. The whisky-flask is not produced. Hugh keeps gazing at the skyline as if he expected some of those deer to come back. And then, with thoughts too deep for words, we set out on our way home.

The dusk of the afternoon comes down as we toil over those weary miles of moorland that lie between us and the hobbled pony. It is a very moist moorland. Deep hidden under the spongy peat and verdant moss lie the stumps of trees which may have been growing when the ‘forests’ of Scotland were forests in reality, not bare wastes; and these unseen stumps are slippery with the wet; so that when the foot happens to strike on them a catastrophe is almost inevitable. Even the experienced Hugh has one bad fall; thereafter he limps for half an hour. His sombre companion goes head over heels again and again, with no worse result, however, than a strained wrist. The rain pours. We come to the bed of a stream, and wade along the shallows as the easiest path. Eventually we reach the Place of the Hobbling of the Ponies, as it is doubtless called in the Gaelic.

And now for those who want to be taught the miseries of deer-stalking, here beginneth the fifteenth lesson. Beauly entirely refuses to be caught, and as she is hobbled by the fore feet only she can show a fine pair of hind heels whenever anyone tries to get near her. Coaxing is no use; language of another kind is lost upon her. Imaginary hay she knows all about; sudden rushes she defeats. Hugh, with the saddle upon his shoulder, and myself, carrying the two heavy rifles, pursue this vagrant creature mile after mile, trying to hem her in between

us, and in vain. It is ludicrous—quite amusing, indeed—but it is not getting home. At length, after about three miles of this merry chase, she allows one of us to get pretty well close to her; there is a grab at her mane—and she stands. She is saddled; the solitary horseman rests one of the rifles transversely on her neck, and the melancholy procession, as the evening closes down, sets out for the lodge in the distant strath.

I am not the first, to use the cruel phrase of Mephistopheles. I have heard before, from several mouths, of that gloomy ride home, of the torturing conscience, of the agonising questions, of the remorseful guesses at what might have been. If the stag had but sprung forward when you expected? If you had paid no heed to Hugh's admonition, but steadily drawn the bead on the standing deer? If you had sprung to your feet, and made sure of the way he was going to run, so as to have the second barrel? What a size he was, too!—and so near!—broadside on!—a baby's shot!—if only you had known he was going to stand still! And what about the talisman? Of course the talisman must have lost its virtue. Those fellows with the rose-red ties used up all the luck. As a matter of fact, one of them shot three stags in one day, each an honest stalk; another got two stags, right and left, in driving the woods; while a beardless boy of a barrister secured a very passable six-pointer the very first day he went out. Let no man be generous until he has been just. And then the report to the young lady herself? What explanation is to be made?

Night falls; and still there is this monotonous jog-jog along the undulating but ever descending mountain-track.

‘How about the fords, Hugh?’

‘They'll be bad to-night, sir; the river has risen since the morning.’

‘Couldn't you leave the pony at the shepherd's, and get home by the Bad Step?’

‘I would rather take her back, sir.’

‘Very well, then, you'll have to try the fords yourself: I'm not going over there in the dark, with the river in spate.’

‘Oh, no, sir; and if the shepherd's at home he'll carry your rifle up the Bad Step, and it will be the easier for you to climb.’

More agonising reflections; more miles of slow trudging through this silent world—silent save for the streams murmuring down from the hills; and at last we manage to make our way through a sheepfold and pull up in front of the shepherd's house. The tall shepherd comes out; Beauly is handed over to the care of Hugh, who forthwith mounts and departs for the ford; my

courteous friend not only takes my rifle, but lends me his staff; and together we set out, he leading the way. At first our route takes us through some sombre woods, in which it is almost impossible for me to descry my guide; but when we reach the Bad Step—which is a zigzag path cut on the face of a perpendicular cliff some three or four hundred feet in height and immediately over the river—we emerge into the open again; and there is the faintest glimmer of light in the north that enables us just to make out the slippery track. It is a tedious and breathless climb after so long a day; but at last it is achieved; nor even here does the shepherd's kindness cease, for he insists on carrying the rifle down into the valley; and then good-night is said, with many thanks, and I am left to find my way home alone.

There are still a couple of miles between the Bad Step and the lodge; but it is not the distance, nor is it the neighbourhood of that roaring river, nor is it the deep pitfalls among the heather, nor is it your soaked clothes and aching limbs that are your chief concern. Perhaps they are of no concern. 'I'm sick of all beneath the skies,' was the wail of the luckless lover of Helen of Kirkconnell. One blunders along through this black night in a kind of desperate carelessness, guided only by the sound of the adjacent torrent, which gives some hint of the proper direction. Of course you keep well aside from the Rock Pool—if you stumbled in there, there would be a swift end to all regrets and sorrows. You get away down the strath; you make for what you imagine to be the whereabouts of the lodge; and at last you hear a low whistle: that is Hugh, who has crossed both the fords and got home. The next moment, in the pitch darkness, you come into violent collision with some hard but not unyielding object: this is Beauly, patiently standing at the gate. And you know that within there are a number of people, all so sleek, and dry, and warm, and comfortable—they are doubtless reading in front of the big peat-fire, and thinking of nothing but the now forthcoming dinner—and you are aware that the moment you present yourself at the door, there will be a universal call: 'Well, what have you done?'

'I suffer,' Carlyle said to me on one occasion, 'a great deal of pheesical meesery, and also of mental gloom.'

But the poor old man had not plumbed the deepest deeps. He had never gone for a long and wet day's deer-stalking—and missed.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Giving and Saving.

AT a time when we are all asked to 'give' for many purposes and to many persons, and as in order to be able to give we must in the first place 'save,' it may be well to look at both duties, to investigate, and, if we can, to adjust, their respective claims.

We will begin by calling attention to 'saving.' Writers on political economy say that it is very difficult to ascertain the amount of the fund from which saving can be made, or to estimate the disposition to save and to spend; the dispositions which prompt men to save having always proved weaker than the dispositions to spend, before the maximum of possible saving has been reached. That maximum is thus defined: 'What can be produced by any society in any given period over and above what is required to supply the necessities of life to all engaged in production, and to compensate for the deterioration of the previous existing capital.' 'No sharp line can be drawn between necessary and superfluous consumption. There is a broad margin of expenditure which increases the productive efficiency of the persons who benefit by it. The exact limits of this margin seem to be very difficult to ascertain. Who shall say precisely how much of the stimulating food and drink, commodious dwellings, expensive amusements enjoyed by the best paid class of skilled workers, barristers, physicians, men of business, contribute to the more effective performance of their functions?'¹

But though no sharp line can be drawn, there is a region, not difficult to distinguish, where expenditure not only does not increase efficiency, but impairs efficiency—not only does not contribute to the more effective performance of duties, but contributes to impair the performance of duties, and to substitute the attraction of pleasure. Public opinion and private conscience must combine to fix a standard of expenditure; to impose not sumptuary laws, but

¹ Sidgwick, *Political Economy*.

such a sliding scale as shall admit of adaptation to individual and exceptional cases. The head of a family ought to calculate the cost of living of himself and those dependent on him in proportion to his income and status, to estimate the expense of the education and placing in the world of children, to provide a deterioration fund, and then what remains is the fund from which he can 'save and give.' In cases of a very large and a very permanent surplus, experimental and æsthetic investments, model farms and tentative gardens, the purchase of works of art and the making them available to the public, scientific experiments and expeditions, should have their assigned place. The restoration of a venerable building, the creation of a playground or a park 'for those in populous cities pent,' are worthy objects of expenditure in such cases. The self-indulgent man will use the larger portion of his surplus for increased luxuries, the parsimonious man for lucrative investments; the man who is thoughtful as well as benevolent will set aside a large sum for charities and for public purposes, and if he is of the ascetic temperament he will tax his personal expenses, stint his lawful luxuries, reduce permitted pleasures, to enlarge his charities—not tax or suppress his charities to increase his luxuries, as the idle, careless, thoughtless master of money is prone to do.

The duty of almsgiving is inculcated by all creeds and all codes, it is admitted and acknowledged by all sorts and conditions of men, and by most women it is considered not only a duty but a pleasure. Such being the case, it is the amount and the distribution of our alms which require attention, and it is the duty of discrimination on which we desire to dwell. That 'giving' may be a blessing to him that receives as well as to him that gives, there must be an amount of special knowledge hardly possessed by the inexperienced 'giver.' Only those men and women who have passed years in the practical study of the aspects of poverty know the evil results of indiscriminate giving. That which from one point of view is an act of self-denial, is from a wider outlook a self-surrender to passing emotion, which in the desire to produce a momentary pleasure loses sight of the enduring mischief which will follow. In order to give wisely, there must be a knowledge of that world of poverty which is not mendicancy, and of the world of mendicancy which not only is not poverty but is a lucrative profession. There must be too some knowledge of Poor Law administration, and of its bearing on those who are included or excluded from its operation; a knowledge of what constitutes 'a pauper' in the legal sense of the word, so that rates and charitable

donations may do their respective parts, not trench on each other.

The writer from whom we have been quoting says: 'It is no doubt possible for an almsgiver in particular cases to convince himself that his gift is not likely to entail any material encouragement to improvidence, but he can be rarely sure of this, and the general sense that care and knowledge are required to minimise the danger has caused almsgiving to be now regarded as a difficult art, instead of the facile and applauded indulgence of the pleasurable impulses of benevolence that it once seemed to be.' But risks must be incurred in almsgiving as in other things. We can only try to reduce these risks, to obtain success by the help of experienced workers in the various scenes of want, to make strenuous efforts and to encourage noble aims.

'The management of money is an art,' writes the author of 'The Caxtons.' If this be so for men's own money, it is still more an art when the money to be managed is that subscribed or contributed for the relief of distress. Much of the poverty on a small scale we are called on to relieve arises from want of skill in the management of weekly wages. To subscribe a sum of money, impose no conditions, and pay it over to a man, or, as is more frequently the case, to a woman left a widow with young children, is to entrust money to one whose ignorance of its management has already been shown; the money is soon spent, the whole thing has to be done over again. Very often the terms of the subscription prevent its being used to the best advantage, or to any permanent advantage at all, because an experienced administrator has not been chosen. This was shown on a large scale when a fund was placed in the hands of the Lord Mayor, to relieve metropolitan distress. The best worker in the cause said: 'Till the whole of this fund has been distributed and dissipated, I see no chance of benefit to the truly necessitous.' The clamorous, not the needy, received help. Those to whom money should have been given got relief in kind, those who wanted relief in kind got money, and in the larger number of cases no good whatever was done.

We will now assume that the command of inherited property, or the efforts of industry and frugality, have created the fund which can be used for giving, and that what Dante describes as 'Mal dar e mal tener,' ill-giving and ill-keeping, are alike to be avoided. The wise man will begin by giving some of his time and thought to a study of the multifarious objects and subjects of charity, and to their various claims, and temporary or permanent

requirements. He will consider what are the claims each person should in the first place be prepared to meet. They may be stated in order: those of near relations, those connected with the profession or property from which his income is derived, those of sufferers with whom we are in sympathy because we have felt, or maybe have caused, such sufferings. There are 'aliens in language, in creed, and in blood,' whom we ought to win over to better ways, difficult though the task be. There are ancient buildings or monuments, sacred or secular, to be preserved or restored. There are distant undertakings which excite the interest of far-seeing men. There are public charities and private. There are the objects of professional and of personal interest. There are the local recipients of alms, whose woes and merits we see with our eyes. There are moving accidents by fire, flood, and field, brought to our ears by eloquent speeches, or we read pathetic descriptions from eye-witnesses of distant catastrophes. There are kith and kin to be 'kept' at home or sent abroad. There are orphans to educate, incurables in mind or manners to maintain; those who are made helpless in the struggle to exist, who yet continue to exist; those who are the victims of accidents inseparable from the working of mines and machines, from the storms and dangers of seafaring. There are hospitals, general, special, local, institutions which are schools of surgery and medicine, and of nursing, as well as refuges for sick and wounded fellow-creatures. There are 'waifs and strays,' 'deep-sea fishermen,' Don and Donnas; there are 'homes of hope' and refuges from despair, all doing some good, all having still room for more good to be done, and there is the strong desire to make known to all men that which each person holds to be religious truth, to strengthen one's own opinion by inducing numbers to hold it. What a wide field of action, what scope for selecting our special task and concentrating our efforts, and for training skilled assistants to make the most and the best of our charitable funds, and to aid the giver in forming his plans and allotting the various sums he can dispose of, be they large or small.

It is desirable to know the actual practice and experience of typical savers and givers, and we shall now make use of information placed at our disposal by such persons. 'Giving should have precedence over saving; but unless you save first you have nothing to give, so we will take them in their consequent order. Some people do not require to save at all: they have the prospect assured, it may be in a very small way, but still assured of a competency for life,

both to themselves and to those immediately dependent on them, so that, if they choose to save, it should be for the express purpose of giving. These remarks are not intended for such persons, but for those—and they are in the majority—on whom saving is an imperative duty, to clear themselves and their children from all risk of becoming burdens on the rates, or, what frequently happens in lower middle life, on those members of their family who have been thrifty instead of improvident, and who often show a spirit of generosity which the richer and higher in the social scale would do well to imitate. The time-honoured saying of “Be just before you are generous” should be listened to by all those who have to earn their own living, to provide for old age, and to give sons and daughters a fair start in some independent mode of life, and who wish to go out of this world without being under any pecuniary obligation to those remaining in it. All uncertain incomes entail savings; the question of the health of the breadwinner, or the fluctuations of markets to the commercial man, and of markets and weather to the agricultural man—in short, the chapter of accidents—make a nest-egg against a rainy day an imperative duty; but let the careful man beware lest the taste and habit of saving does not get the upper hand, and the nest-egg become an idol. Rather let him consider possible contingencies and liabilities, provide for them, and having done so, deal in a liberal manner with the due proportion to his income of his savings, and then turn to the more gracious duty of “giving.”

‘The proportion of giving to any income has been broadly laid down since the days of Jacob as a tenth part or tithe, and this should surely be followed at the least. If a tenth part of all sums, however small, be put aside as the charity fund, there is always a share at hand from which to draw for giving. I will not advocate this plan on the ground that sums so saved are not felt by the giver, though to some persons I fear this might prove an inducement; I advocate it on the higher ground that a certain sum is thus obtained which is available for supplying the wants of others.

‘For what precise purposes “the charity purse” is to be opened must rest with the conscience of the giver. It would not be fair to pay the poor rate, or to give a semi-compulsory subscription, from that fund. Charity must always begin at home, and in most families there is ample scope for giving by helping relations, either as to the education of children, or to the providing for holidays and temporary pauses from business cares. Much more might

often be done by supplying small wants and small luxuries to people who are in that distressing form of want known as "genteel poverty." The prosperous man too often neglects the small gift or small help, just because it is so small as to appear to himself too insignificant to give; either he does not think of it at all, or, from a sort of mistaken pride, he scruples to offer the little present which would give so much pleasure to the less flourishing recipient.'

'Saving,' writes another person, 'may be a virtue or a mere instinct—all depends on the prompting motive. The love of hoarding is justly accounted a contemptible trait of character, since it originates mainly from a selfish desire to concentrate on self all worldly possessions, great and small, and an utter want of that desire to share with others which is shown by mere infants in arms. Selfishness is the common cause of reckless spending and excessive hoarding, and it is no doubt unselfishness clothed in a varied garb which finds the happy mean between extravagance and parsimony. With very many men and women their charities are a just measure of their self-denial, not of the self-denial of asceticism so much as of that constant unrelenting checking of needless expenditure, which, though difficult to acquire, becomes so much a habit as to be scarcely a conscious effort. Nobody who has not tried it is aware of the great results to be unostentatiously achieved by steady perseverance in the determination not to fritter money away. This is a very different matter from parsimony; indeed, it is this alone which makes large-handed expenditure on due occasion possible. A further point to be considered with regard to saving, is that it should not be carried out, unless absolutely necessary, at the expense of the pleasure and comfort of those who are to have no share of the accumulated profit, but have a right to have their advantage considered. A man may have a right to stint himself of comforts and even necessities if he prefers to employ in other directions the money thus saved, but he has no right to deny his wife, his children, his servants, their proper comforts and luxuries, that he may buy old china or rare books.'

From another source we receive the following information:

'The common rule to set aside a tenth part of income for almsgiving is neither an adequate nor a just measure of duty. When the income is barely sufficient for the wants of the household, to stint a man's family in order to give is not the "perfect way." On the other hand, when the income is more than

adequate to the fair requirements of his family, a man ought not nicely to calculate, and stop at the tenth part when he can relieve want and misery. The first point to be kept in view is, not to spend on our own luxuries, and to give the money thus saved to those who are without even the necessities of life. The second point is to bear in mind that the "tenth part" is not represented always or altogether by a money payment. Time, thought, advice, a gracious visit, a very simple but peculiarly suitable gift, are forms of charity far more acceptable than the hard monotonous mode of cash payment.'

'The clergy of the Anglican Church,' writes a layman, 'make a rule of giving the "minimum" sum of a tenth of their incomes, private and professional combined; and though this sum may be often exceeded, it is rarely decreased. Now that pluralities are things of the past, no married parson with a family, however small, can succeed in saving out of his income from the Church. Very few attempt it; by far the largest number are content either to leave their widows and children destitute, relying upon the ravens, or to insure their lives and keep up their premiums from their benefices. The extent to which this latter form of saving is practised among parsons is very great. Most parsons carry the practice of not letting the right hand know what the left hand does to the extent of keeping no accounts; if the wife keeps the purse she applies the principle to her husband.'

There is a certain vagueness in these statements. A tenth part may be ten per cent. of the gross or ten per cent. of the net income; as in the returns for the income tax, incomes may be placed in different schedules for the charity purse, and dealt with accordingly. Time, trouble, thought, also admit of different rates of contribution when they are the form charity takes. The great physician gives an hour a day to poor patients; his less flourishing colleague can only give an hour a week. But I will not attempt the task of adjusting the balance between saving and giving. I only aspire to direct the attention of some readers to the subject, content

So others shall

Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near.

CHRISTINE G. J. REEVE.

Karenga: an African Sketch.

IT was early morning in the tropics, not quite six, and consequently the sun was not yet risen on the earth. The Mundeli had, some time before, tumbled himself yawning out of his mosquito-disturbed hammock. The stillness outside was gradually breaking into the stir of an awaking encampment. The garrison were lighting their fires, cooking their breakfasts, and grumbling in a feeble kind of way at the chill morning air, and the order of things in general. Suddenly above these accustomed sounds pierced a shrill whistle from beyond the outer *boma*, which caused the chief to leap from his seat, oversetting his unlucky servitor head over heels in so doing.

‘It’s the steamer! Run, run, you idiot, and see if they’ve got any mails on board!’ And, having indued socks and shoes in a twinkling, he followed Uledi out of doors.

The house he left was a rough log hut, thatched with palm-leaves and surmounted by a flag-staff whence waved the dark blue banner with the golden star. Lukebu was one of the smallest and newest stations of the *Etat Indépendant du Congo*, and all of it at present visible, besides the house above mentioned, was a row of huts for the garrison (consisting mostly of Gold Coast negroes from Accra), a couple of store tents, and an unfinished structure destined eventually to take their place, the whole surrounded by a strong *boma* of stakes and thorny bushes, with a gate leading to the river. Outside this was the landing-place for steamers, where the chief of the station intended constructing a jetty; but the only approach as yet to a realisation of this idea was the levelling of a portion of the steep bank of red clay.

The chief, whose name in private life was Raymond Oliphant, hurried across the inclosure, a tall boyish-looking figure in white flannels and pith-helmet, and, in the gateway, nearly fell into the arms of the returning Uledi.

'Him no bring mail, sir; him only *Gazelle* come back from Falls, sir.'

'Bother you!' grumbled Oliphant, suppressing a strong desire to punch Uledi's head, and slackened his speed at once, looking at the poor little *Gazelle*, as she lay panting and puffing beside the prospective jetty, with a considerable abatement of interest, not to say disgust.

'Bonjour, mon cher!' shouted her captain, a burly Belgian, known in private life as 'Jumbo,' looking out from under the awning, and mopping his red countenance with a vast red hand-kerchief. 'En voilà une belle!'

'What's wrong?' asked Oliphant shortly. He was rather inclined to visit his disappointment about the mail on the head of poor Captain Duverrier.

'Arabs, mon ami. Slave raiders from Nyangwé, some two hundred strong—been firing at us from both banks; no one hurt, happily. Pretty goings on up river. Villages burnt to the ground;—there'll be scarcely a living soul left between Falls and the Aruwimi. Had to steam all night to get away from them. We're out of wood; I suppose you have some?'

'Certainly!' Oliphant turned to give the necessary orders.

'And we've no time to lose, so you'd better come on board as quick as you can.'

'What for?' asked the chief, with provoking coolness.

'What for? Why, man alive, I suppose you don't mean to stay here?'

'I've no orders to leave the station.'

The captain shrugged his extensive shoulders. 'As you please, my friend. If you like to wait three months or so, till you hear from Boma, I dare say Hassan Ben Ali, or whatever the gentleman's name is, will have the politeness to wait likewise.'

'It's not likely they'd attack the station, and if they did, why I'd back these fellows to hold it against them for a month. What sort of fighting can they do with those miserable duck-guns of theirs, loaded with brass slugs?'

The captain gave another slow Flemish shrug, as who should say, 'He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar,' and repeated slowly, 'As you will, it's no affair of mine;' and half an hour later, Oliphant was watching the *Gazelle* as she steamed away down the river, in no deep depression of spirit. He was twenty-three, and new to the country; fighting, to his mind, assumed the aspect of 'a jolly good lark,' and if there was one man he would have

pitched into with greater pleasure than another, that man was an Arab slave-trader.

So, forgetting all about the mails, he whistled softly to himself as he swung back slowly across the Place, while Uledi followed behind, with a lugubrious countenance, casting glances of indignant contempt at the garrison, who were congregated, loudly chattering, under the shade of the great baobab in the centre. But he did not speak till they had reached the hut and Oliphant had ordered him to get breakfast, when he stood meditatively still in the doorway, and then remarked:

‘Bwana, him Accra man savvy Frances.’

‘Well, you ass, and what of that?’

Uledi did not reply in words, but spread the palms of his hands outward, shrugged his shoulders, turned his head backwards till he seemed in danger of breaking his neck, and finally showed all his teeth in a portentous grin void of the slightest semblance of mirth. And having thus expressed his sense of the worthlessness of Accra men in general, he turned away and began to make the tea.

But when the Mundeli went out after breakfast to drill those Accras, they looked so smart and soldierly in their neat white uniforms, and showed themselves so quick and handy in learning the use of their newly acquired rifles, that his heart was filled with pride and pleasure, and utterly despised the warnings of Uledi, who was probably jealous. He could surely depend on these fellows in any emergency.

After drill, there was the erection of the new store to be superintended (and a vast deal of superintendence those Ba-yanzi did require); and so the busy day wore on till noon, and the chief retired to his hut to sleep the siesta of the just. He was rudely awoken, however, before it was half over.

‘Bwana, there’s a man come from the Arabs to say that there’s a runaway slave of theirs here, and they want her back.’

Oliphant swung his feet out of the hammock with a huge yawn which merged into a groan.

‘There’s no such thing here,’ he said testily; and then, in an audible English aside, ‘Don’t I jolly well wish there were?’

‘But, Bwana, there is. Just before the men came they found a woman hiding in one of the canoes.’

‘By Jingo!’ ejaculated Oliphant, hurrying out of the hut, and striding up to the noisy group assembled under the baobab tree. The throng of Accra soldiers and Ba-yanzi labourers

parted asunder, and allowed him a full view of the centre of attraction.

She was crouching on the ground, this miserable piece of contraband goods—a sickening spectacle enough. The gaunt frame, covered only by a rag of dirty grass-cloth, showed the poor bones everywhere through the loose wrinkled skin, gashed and scarred by the slave-driver's whip and the thorny branches of the jungle. Her hair, once elaborately dressed after the fashion of the Bakumu, was now a frightful mass of dishevelled wool, matted with dirt and bits of branches, and from under it glared two great scared restless eyes, like those of a hunted animal.

And beside her, shouting and gesticulating, emphasising his statements on Karenga's person by occasional prods with the butt-end of the 'courbash' he held in his hand, was an ugly half-caste Arab in a dirty *dishdashah*, while some half-dozen of his followers showed their teeth in ferocious grins and snarls.

'Stop that, you brute!' was Oliphant's salutation, accompanied by a well-delivered 'right-hander' that nearly upset the Arab's equilibrium. He had just been in time to see the whip-handle brought down with a sounding thwack on the poor wretch's shoulders. She was too cowed and spiritless to cry out much; she only gave a little moan, and rubbed her skinny knuckles into her eyes. But when she saw her tormentor stagger back several paces, and finally bring up against one of his henchmen whom he immediately fell to abusing, she sat up, and became perfectly rigid and open-mouthed with astonishment.

'Here, Uledi,' said the chief, whose Swahili was not sufficient for the angry harangue that followed; 'ask the fellow what he wants.'

The demand was interpreted.

'Tell him we'll do no such thing.'

The Accra men's countenances fell, and Khamis looked vicious.

'Tell him Englishmen don't make slaves, and they don't allow others to make them, and he sha'n't have her. Why, we wouldn't treat a dog that way. It's—why, it's a confounded shame!'

'He says if Bwana no send back, Suleyman bin Abed come fetch him.'

'Let him. Tell him the white men have plenty of guns. There, that's all about it. Tell him if he don't go at once he shall be kicked out.'

Which message, being faithfully delivered by Uledi, had the desired effect, and Khamis retired grumbling with his satellites.

‘What are you fellows all standing staring for? Go about your business. Here, one of you—get this poor creature something to eat; she’s half-starved. Uledi, can you make her understand? Tell her there’s nothing to be frightened of; we won’t let anyone hurt her.’ For she still crouched there, trembling and terrified, with eyes nearly starting out of her head.

Then he turned on his heel and walked thoughtfully away, presently disappearing into the store-tent, where he proceeded to measure out, from the last-opened bale, some four yards or so of red and white striped trade calico.

He had seen a good many nasty things since he first set foot in Africa, but just now he felt perfectly sick with a mixture of pity and disgust—especially when he remembered a horrid deep festering gash on the upper arm, either done with a spear when she was first captured, or a cut from the ‘hippo-hide’ lash. . . . Bah! It doesn’t do to think of such things in this beastly climate.

‘I say, Uledi! Take this to her, and tell her she can put it on if she wants, and see that none of the other beggars grab it. And—I say, you can tell her to come here afterwards, when she’s rested and had something to eat; and she can get that arm of hers tied up if she likes.’

Which was done. She did not, as Oliphant had perhaps feared, ‘make a scene.’ She seemed more dazed and bewildered by the kindness shown her than anything else. There was not much to be got out of her. She had been draggled from her village—three—four—she could not tell how many days’ journey off. They had killed many people there with guns and spears. Yes, she had children—three—and they had taken away the boys. She did not know what had become of them. She had the baby with her, and they got angry because it cried . . . and took it from her and threw it on the ground . . . and when she screamed and wanted to stay by it, they beat her . . . he might see . . . and draggled her away . . .

And Oliphant turned aside his face, and said, ‘Beasts!’ and something else which the Recording Angel did not write down against him.

‘Tell her we—I mean, confound it all!—if one of ‘em tries to lay a finger on her we’ll blow him into little bits.’ And leaving

this piece of consolation behind him, he went to see to the defences which he considered so utterly unnecessary.

Then the sunset bugle sounded, the Ba-yanzi trooped off to their homes outside the stockade, the gates were closed, and the watchfires lighted; and having gone the rounds, and seen that all was well, the Mundeli lay down to sleep.

Past midnight, perhaps about two in the morning, he became conscious that some one was standing over him, and heard a faint far-off voice saying something to which he paid no attention, till it gradually dawned on him that the voice was close by and addressed to him.

‘Bwana, Bwana, wake up! ’

‘Well, what now?’

Uledi was almost sobbing.

‘Oh, sir! sir! Arab coming, and—him Accra man all run away! ’

Oliphant was on his feet in an instant, six-shooter in hand. They ran out, paying no heed to a trembling, sobbing figure, that crouched beside the door, crossed the Place, saw the river-gate standing wide open, and reached it just in time to see a canoe crowded with black bodies and white uniforms push off from the landing-place.

‘Stand! Halte-la! Stop this instant!’ he thundered, and the crack of a pistol rang out on the still night air. One or two suppressed yells were heard, but the flying paddles slackened not for a moment, and the canoe shot across the moonlit surface into the black shadow of the nearest island.

‘Who’s left here? Uledi, help me get out the mountain Krupp! Here, you fellows! ’

He was rushing towards the gun himself, when Uledi touched his arm and pointed eastward along the river. A huge black mass was seen moving slowly across a broad silvered reach, creeping nearer and nearer.

‘El Arab!’ whispered Uledi.

‘What are we to do?’ That only flashed through Oliphant’s mind—he did not say it aloud. His next words were:

‘Come and bar the gate. Who’s left beside yourself?’

‘Only Marzouk and Ferajji—and Karenza.’

‘Who’s Karenza?’

‘The slave-woman that ran away. She called me, and told me they were going away in the canoes.’

‘Pity she couldn’t have done it a little sooner! ’

‘Bwana, they’d have killed you! What could we do against so many?’

‘Well, well!’

Marzouk and Ferajji had by this time arrived on the scene, and the gate was effectually barricaded.

‘Now we ought to have the boats ready in case——’

‘Bwana, there are none left; they have taken all!’

‘All?’

It was too true. Even the whale-boat, usually kept inside the stockade for safety, was gone. A further inspection revealed the fact that the store-tent had been broken open and a large part of its contents abstracted.

There was no time to be angry, with that black shadow still creeping nearer. A careful reconnoitring through the loop-holes revealed it still holding on its way. The gun was got into position beside the gate, all the available fire-arms loaded, and then came the suspense of waiting. The strained ears of the listening four soon caught the muffled splash of paddles alongside the gateway. Then there was a long pause, and then a shuffling and scrambling, and the sound of many bare feet on the clay. Oliphant stood, rifle in hand, at one of the loop-holes, Uledi beside him similarly armed. Marzouk, who had some skill in gunnery, was attending to the mountain Krupp.

‘Fire!’ said Oliphant, and the rifles cracked. There was a howl and a scattering rush outside, which showed that the shots had told, and, after awhile, answering shots began to find their way through the *boma* to right and left, which, though praiseworthy in intention, lamentably fell short in effect. When this had gone on for some little time, something like a shooting-star came sailing through the air—an arrow wrapt round with blazing oiled palm-fibre. It fell dangerously near one of the huts; but before it could catch, or any of them could reach it, something dark had sprung out of the shadow, and probably trodden it out, for the light disappeared.

‘Who’s that?’ asked Oliphant, a little startled. He had looked round just in time to see this.

‘Him Karenka, Bwana,’ replied the sententious Uledi.

‘Karenka? Oh, I’d forgotten her! Poor old girl! Well, we must stop that game of theirs. Marzouk, you might fire now!’

Bang went the gun, with what result could not be known, as in the chorus of yells and howls which followed, fright could not well be distinguished from injury. It was probable that the

artillery was too near them to do any harm; but there was a general scamper down the bank and shrill cries of 'Oh, my mother! my mother!' 'Oh, my friends and relations!' mingled with asseverations that the place was garrisoned by Sheitans, whom no man could face and live.

'They've had enough,' laughed Oliphant gleefully, forgetting for the moment the desertion of his men and all prospective troubles and difficulties in the flush of victory. Uledi looked grave, in spite of the sounds which assured him that the enemy were again on the river, and paddling away.

'Him go, Bwana, but him come back.'

'Well, he can have a second edition if he likes.'

Uledi scarcely understood this, but he guessed Oliphant's meaning from his look and tone, and proceeded darkly to hint that he was well acquainted with the character of Suleyman bin Abed, who, as he phrased it, was not afraid of anything, and had a heart no bigger than the end of Bwana's little finger. Besides, he had at least two hundred men armed with guns, and when he found out—as he was sure to do before long, that they were only four!—

'We'll beat them off before that. There are about twenty charges of powder for the Krupp left in that keg, and there's more in the store. And the cartridges—'

'Bwana,' said Uledi in a low voice, pointing to the kegs lying glistening in the moonlight on the top of a packing-case, 'those are all we could find.'

Oliphant whistled. Just then Marzouk rose from his knees, in which posture he had been carefully examining the gun, and came towards him with clasped hands and a dejected countenance.

'Bwana!' he said, appealingly. Marzouk was a good fellow and true, but he had little English, and of that little trouble of mind had bereft him. 'Bwana, the gun is dead!'

'What do you mean?' asked Oliphant somewhat sharply in Swahili.

Poor Marzouk fairly dropped on his knees.

'Bwana, I didn't do it! I don't know how it happened. Come and look at it! It will break if it is fired again!'

Oliphant went over and investigated matters as well as he could by the moonlight and the help of a match or two. There was an undoubted crack, and it was evident that another shot, or at most two, would fulfil Marzouk's prophecy. He remained looking at it in gloomy silence while Marzouk stood at 'attention'

before him, with the air of a man who is going to be hanged and knows that he deserves it. He looked so miserable that Oliphant was quite touched, and roused himself up to administer consolation.

‘There, there, nobody blames you for it. It’s a flaw in the iron—it wasn’t your fault. Well, it can’t be helped. If Suleyman comes again, we’ll fire her off and send the pieces flying at him. And what’s to be done now?’

They were unanimous in declaring that Bwana must go and get some sleep while he could; they would watch, and call him when there was need. He looked from one to another of their honest black faces, and an unwonted seriousness came over him. He had always been good to his men, very good, as hot-tempered young Englishmen go; and yet now he felt a vague remorseful suspicion that he had never rated these brave hearts at their true value.

‘We may beat them off before the cartridges are done,’ he said. ‘If not, there’s nothing for it but to take to the bush. We might reach Itembo, get a canoe there, and so go down to Bangala. But we can’t leave the powder and guns for Suleyman. Put the big powder keg and all the petroleum casks ready in the store tent, and anything else that will burn. And get together all the rifles you can find—all except your own—we must dig a hole and bury them.’

They were moving away to execute his orders, when he stopped them. I doubt whether he was animated by that sense of the fitness of things which prompted the harangues ascribed to all ancient and modern commanders just before a battle; but he felt vaguely that he wanted to say something more.

‘I say, you know,’ he began, ‘if you like to get away into the bush while there’s time, I don’t want to ask you to stay here with me.’

Not a word was said by either of the three. Marzouk and Uledi stared him in the face, the one sad, the other indignant. Ferajji stood with folded arms gazing on the ground.

‘Well?’

It was Uledi who answered, with flashing eyes:

‘Bwana, you tink we all same Accra man!’

‘No, I don’t.’ And he soothed their wounded feelings by shaking hands with them all round, which rather surprised and as evidently pleased them, and no more was said on the subject.

Suleyman’s men came back reinforced before the night was

out. The gun burst, as Marzouk had predicted, and hurled a great mass of metal over the gateway, but without hurting anyone inside the *boma*. The flint-lock muskets kept up an incessant crackling, and thick and fast came the fiery arrows whizzing through the air. Already three or four black figures had appeared above the gate, and fallen back with a yell at the crack of Oliphant's rifle; and now, when they seemed to have fallen back a little, and there was a lull in the firing, the chief turned and laid his hand on Uledi's shoulder, asking him in a whisper whether he had any cartridges. Uledi shook his head sadly. The others, however, had about a dozen left between them.

'Don't use them now,' said Oliphant; 'it's no good. They are coming up to fire the gate and the *boma*. I saw them bringing burning brands. Ferajji, you go quietly and undo the little back gateway. Marzouk and Uledi, take your guns and come with me.'

They went to his own hut, where a few provisions had been roughly made up into bundles in the interval of waiting for the attack. Marzouk and Uledi each seized a load, and were going to take a third between them to deliver it to Ferajji, when a shadow darkened the moonlit doorway. It was Karenga. She said something in a soft low voice to the men.

'What is it?' asked Oliphant.

'Him say him come carry pack, all same pagazi.'

'Let her then. Poor soul, we can't leave her here. Now you fellows, go on, *himahima*; you understand? I am going to fire the powder-magazine. If I can, I'll follow you, and catch you up before you get very far; if I don't come, you must get on as fast as you can to the river and get a canoe. Do you understand?'

They did understand, but they assumed a stolid expression, and did not move. Marzouk threw down his burden.

'Oh, Bwana, you must not! Let me do it. What should we do if you were killed? We are all dead men without you!'

'Don't be a fool. There's no time to lose. Go on and do as I say!'

But Marzouk was down on the ground clasping Oliphant's knees, like the foolish black heathen he was.

'Oh, Bwana, Bwana! let me do it! You were not angry with me when I killed the gun, do not be angry now!'

'There, there, stop talking, and don't make an ass of yourself! You may if you like. You know how to light the fuse; take care

how you do it, and come after us as quickly as you can. Now, Uledi, take my gun, will you ?'

And in three minutes more they had rejoined Ferajji outside the postern gate, and were stealing silently in Indian file along the narrow tortuous path that led through the jungle to the nearest village of the Bakomela. Uledi, who was carrying Oliphant's gun in addition to his load, would in the natural course of things have marched next after his leader, but the place had been tacitly usurped by Karenka, who followed him like a dog, watching every movement of his with keen wide eyes. She was a tall and originally a well-made woman, and, though it seemed wonderful that starvation and ill-usage had left her any strength at all, she was, after a good meal and a few hours' rest, stepping along under her load as actively as any of them. But then, poor thing, she had been trained to carry loads, more or less, all her life.

They had not gone very far before a crash like a sharp sudden clap of thunder shook the ground under their feet, though the jungle was too thick for them to see the pillar of flame that rushed up into the sky, to the momentary discomfiture of the Arabs, who were pouring in like salamanders over the battered-down gate and blazing *boma*. Poor Karenka shrieked, and flung herself down, with her hands over her eyes, to shut out she knew not what fearful sight. Oliphant halted to wait for Marzouk. But there was no sign of him.

' Him come another way through bush,' suggested Uledi.

They waited a few minutes longer, but he did not appear, and Oliphant, knowing there was no time to lose, for day was already dawning, reluctantly gave the word to march on, hoping to meet him later. But Marzouk never followed them. He had, indeed, made no mistake about the fuse, and had timed the explosion with scientific precision, but the Arabs were close at his heels by the time he got outside the *boma*; and, rather than betray the way by which Bwana was retreating, he turned and faced them, shot down two of them with his remaining cartridges, and then fought on with his clubbed rifle, till they overpowered him by numbers, and he fell.

And meanwhile the four who were left toiled on.

Don't ask me to describe the day that followed such a dawn. It was the end of the rainy season, and the best parts of the track were knee-deep in black sticky mud, while in other places there were streams to be forded, or flooded tracts only to be crossed

by springing from root to root of the trees. The villages they reached were mostly deserted for fear of the Arabs, and the provisions they had with them soon exhausted; but in spite of hunger, cold, and weariness, Oliphant struggled on. They now chiefly depended for their food on Ferajji the taciturn, who was a good shot and a cunning hunter, and though he had no ammunition left, had provided himself with a native spear. With this, and by setting snares for birds, he contrived to get meat enough to keep them alive.

It might have been the sixth day of their wanderings in those awful woods—Oliphant says he had quite lost count of the time. He was dragging himself along in stolid endurance, feeling that, on the whole, it would be much pleasanter to lie down and die on the spot, only it wouldn't do. Why it wouldn't do he did not in the least at that moment know or care, he was only conscious in a dull dogged sort of way that he must go on. Close behind him, as usual, was Karenza, and behind her marched Uledi, carrying his own gun and Oliphant's. The path was, if anything, more difficult than ever, and Uledi gradually lagged a little behind.

And just here it was that suddenly the deep boom of the war-drums and clash of the war-bells was heard at a distance, and nearer by, an answering yell of *ya-ha-ha-ha-ha*, and out of the ghastly blackness of that deadly forest burst half-a-dozen naked warriors, with leopard-skin shields and broad-bladed spears. Then, in one swift flash of freakish memory, Oliphant seemed to be back in 'Meads' at Winchester, himself a little chap, cheering away with all his might because they had won the match against Eton . . . and the white rose bush growing over the porch of the Rectory at home . . . and various other things, all jumbled as in a kaleidoscope . . . and all in a second or two, while he was getting his back against a tree, and snatching the six-shooter from his belt.

'Uledi! Uledi! Nju hapa! Come up, quick!' He fired; the foremost savage dropped with a yell. He aimed a second time, and pressed the trigger with all his might; the weapon would not go off. He tried again, it was no use; there was another man not a dozen feet away, with a light assagai poised to throw. Oliphant, in a sort of desperation, lifted the revolver in both hands and dashed it in his face. He dropped the assagai, and ran back. Oliphant sprang forward, picked it up, and, with a desperate energy of fighting-blood once up, attacked a third enemy with it.

At the same time he saw on his left a fourth bearing down on him with a huge broad-bladed spear, that would have sliced a man in two at a single blow. He saw, but in his preoccupation with the adversary before him, his mind, as it were, failed to grasp this other danger. In another moment it would have been too late, but just in that one undecided moment a dark figure sprang between them, sprang like a wild cat at the tall warrior's throat, seized him round the neck, and hung clinging there till he reeled under her weight, dropping his spear, gasping, choking, trying in vain to shake her off, for all the life and strength of her body seemed to have gone into the grasp of those bony hands. . . . Oliphant, hard pressed by the three yet unwounded ones, makes a drive with his spear, it breaks off short in his hand after transfixing one . . . well . . . as well first as last . . .

‘Bwana! Bwana! Here your gun!’ and Uledi thrusts it loaded into his hands, and lays about him with the butt end of his own. One or two shots scatter those still able to fly. Three are left on the ground, two dead—the other? Uledi coolly delivers a smashing blow on his head, and frees Karenga’s arms from his grasp. She tries to rise but sinks down again, all huddled up on the oozy ground.

‘Poor soul!’ says Oliphant softly to himself; ‘I do believe she saved my life!’

He goes and bends over her, and speaks kindly to her, not that he thinks she can understand. He has a mother and sisters at home, this young Viking, and can reverence the womanhood in this poor caricature of humanity, as some might think her, ugly and debased as she is. Therefore he has always been gentle to her—doubly so now, that she has saved him; at the cost of her own life too, for, as soon as he looks, he sees that the spear-stroke that met that mad spring of hers has done its work.

She lifted her glazing eyes to him.

‘I am dead. Tell the white chief he is good, he has a heart.’

‘Poor thing, poor thing!’ She saw he was speaking words of pity, and she caught his hand in her feeble grasp, and laid her cheek against it.

‘What does she say, Uledi?’

‘She wants to know if she will go to the white man’s land now?’

Oliphant felt helpless and perplexed. His mother knew how to comfort poor souls like this. If she had only been in his place, and those wild hollow eyes fixed so pleadingly on his.

‘Tell her, Uledi,’ he said, choking down something very like a sob. ‘Tell her she is going to God, and He loves us all, loves white and black alike, and no one will be cruel to her any more.’

I do not know whether Uledi interpreted faithfully, or whether she understood. Her eyes still rested on his face with a wistful loving look like that of a dog; she smiled a little, and stretched out her feet and was gone.

Oliphant took up the poor body—he could not bear to leave it there in the track—and laid it, with Uledi’s help, in a deep cavity among the roots of a tree—that was better than no grave at all. And then they looked at each other with sad, hopeless eyes, and went on together, through that horrible wilderness.

For the reader’s satisfaction I may add that Oliphant reached Bangala in safety, along with Uledi and Ferajji, and that all three are at the present day alive and well, and distinguishing themselves in the service of the *Etat Indépendant du Congo*.

A. WERNER.

Lord Westbury.¹

THIS Biography is wisely, truthfully, and vividly written. This is the Man we knew. Mr. Nash is a warm admirer of Lord Westbury. But the shadows are given too. It is admitted that there were spots upon the sun. And indeed the failings were apparent to the most cursory view. Then Mr. Nash knows what he is writing about. He is familiar with the outs and ins of the profession of the law. It was necessary that the volumes should give some dry details of legal legislature. But, to many readers, this will prove a most interesting and life-like story. It was fit that a memoir of the great lawyer and remarkable man should be written. And it has been written well.

The time was (strange to look back on it) in which I saw and heard Bethell daily : being indeed so young, and so patriotic, that I felt drawn to him for his name : which, for the sake of a beautiful hymn in continual use in Scotch parish-churches, was music in a lonely Scotch lad's ear. The Welsh *Ap Ithel* had grown into Bethell : the choleric Welsh temperament had come with the name : but there was no relation whatever to the solemn Hebrew monosyllables. I see to-day, over all these years, the face : Bishop Wilberforce was far wrong when he spoke of it as 'wicked': condemning a portrait because it did not make Bethell look wicked enough. The face was not wicked at all : it was smooth, calm, almost benignant : very rarely ruffled. He had trained himself to this. His most provoking sayings were uttered with an unmoved countenance, and with mellifluous fluency : though I have seen him get peppery too. 'Is it a fit thing to snap a judgment in that way?' he said to good Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, when Purton Cooper, Q.C., had (as Bethell thought) been rather too sharp. And when Cooper said that Bethell and

¹ *The Life of Richard Lord Westbury, formerly Lord High Chancellor: with selections from his Correspondence.* By Thomas Arthur Nash, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. Two Volumes. Bentley & Son, London : 1888.

he had been friends at Oxford, the answer was 'I have no pleasure at all in recollecting it.' Indeed he added more: which made Cooper say 'I trust your Honour will take judicial notice of these remarks.' Whereupon Shadwell, V.C., said with a peace-making smile, 'I shall take judicial notice that the weather is very hot.' Was it not yesterday they thus spoke together? It seems so, now.

Bethell's flow of language, absolutely perfect in adaptation, was marvellous. No mortal ever knew him fail to come triumphantly out of the most involved sentence. The voice was silvery: it could rise to great power. But the deliberation was provoking. And, at first hearing, people called his manner mincing and affected. You got over that: and, in fact, it was a second nature. It was a great day in the writer's little history whereon, in Sir Lancelot Shadwell's court at Westminster Hall, an important Chancery suit unexpectedly came on for hearing, in the absence of the solicitor who was in charge of it. I was in those days reading law diligently in that House: and Bethell, who held our brief for the Plaintiff, deigned to discuss it with me. I was a youthful student for the Bar, a member of the Middle Temple like himself. He was very sharp and keen, but no man could have been more frank or pleasant. His bumptious airs were kept for the irritation and confusion of big people mainly: though not exclusively. A poor lawyer's clerk, being at a consultation, ventured to correct the Attorney-General in a date. A blank stare was the reply. The youth, not taking warning, in a minute corrected another small blunder. Then Bethell, in silvery tones, addressed him: 'Will you be so good as to go outside that door; —and shut it?' The punishment was too severe. It was savage. But that was Bethell. And while Bethell speedily forgot the things he had said, other people did not. It was all mildness, happily, with me. I remember, 'Who is on the other side?' Mr. Stuart, afterwards Vice-Chancellor. 'I'll speak to him and put it all right: It need not take long.' Neither did it: although there were at least a dozen counsel briefed: half of whom, taken by surprise, were absent. Bethell, with entire good nature, managed everything: of course to perfection. But he sent a smart message to the solicitors who ought to have been watching. For the case was in the paper: though far down. And how Bethell managed the rosy Shadwell, V.C., was known to all. Shadwell had an odd fashion of continually nodding, to convey to the counsel addressing him that the point was apprehended.

And young Templars used to be told that his rubicund visage
came of daily descending into a well at his country home.
'Much too wise to walk into a well,' was written by Pope before
the days of tubbing.

It is a strange experience, this fashion in which, out of the past, an unimaginable past to the present writer this morning, one's early life comes back, reading the Life of the great Lord Chancellor. We did not know the straits of his boyhood: the anxious father's pinched home, and weary struggles all doomed to failure: the Oxford Scholar at fifteen (at Wolverhampton, on the hustings, with undue humility, he stated that he had himself been a *charity boy*, like some of the crowd before him: a terrible way of putting the case). It was at Wolverhampton, standing for the seat, that he said the main reason of his getting on in life was that he was an earnest practical Christian, seeking ever to carry out the golden rule to love one's neighbour as one's self. I never forgot how, sitting next to his predecessor on the wool-sack at his dinner-table, the Chancellor related this legend of Bethell with great amusement. And indeed the chief newspapers had each a leading-article upon the startling statement: and Bethell was chaffed everywhere. No mortal had ever surmised the actual reason of his elevation: which at that time was nearly as great as it could by possibility be. A guest at that table, in a little time to be a Chief-Justice, said to the Keeper of the Queen's conscience, 'Did Bethell expect that to be published?' The Chancellor said, 'I am quite sure he did not.' There were incidents in Bethell's career which prevent one being startled by Mr. Jowett's paradoxical statement, 'Notwithstanding his great experience of life, he was childishly ignorant of human nature.' One recalls the awful saying of Frederick the Great, when somebody said something hopeful of poor humanity. More awful words were never uttered by mortal man. 'You don't know the damned Race.' Well, it is not the best of the Race who have thought the worst of it.

Then first-class in Classics and second in Mathematics at the age of eighteen: soon Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College: helping, liberally, his poor parents out of his hard earnings by tutorial work; and never costing them a penny after he was seventeen: the kindest and most dutiful of sons: thoughtful beyond his years. It is a touching story: nowhere more than in the picture of the little boy driving home, miserably, in a gig with his father, after the reading of his grandfather's vicious will:

.... 'How his father sat absorbed in overwhelming anxiety for the future, only now and then muttering, "We are ruined! We are penniless!"' In his childish way the boy tried to divert his father's thoughts by calling his attention to various objects on the road: but his efforts were unavailing, and at length he was awed into silence by the force of an affliction he was unable to understand or soften.'

The premature care and the hard struggle of those early years left an abiding trace on Bethell's character. But the resultant effect was not merely hardening, like John Knox's twenty months as a galley-slave on that stern soul. For four years, twelve pounds a year was all that could be spared to the education of the boy who at fifteen carried off the Wadham scholarship, and who was declared in after-life by a most competent authority to be 'the finest classical scholar he had ever yet seen.' The remembrance of those days was sacred. And while he lived, Lord Westbury gratefully cherished the thought of his parents' self-denying efforts for his training. Two months before his death he wrote to Lord Selborne:

'When I was made Lord Chancellor, I may truly say the chief feeling that arose in my heart was not that of pride or gratified vanity, but of sincere gratitude that I had lived to fulfil the predictions and the fond hopes of my father, to whom I owed all my education, and all the means that had enabled me to fulfil what, when they were formed, were but wild anticipations.'

Few, indeed, of those who listened with admiration to an argument by Bethell, knew the fund of tenderness which lay under that supercilious demeanour. If but a little of the stream of wealth which rewarded his labours could have come to the pinched parents of earlier years! When he became Solicitor-General his professional earnings were twenty-four thousand a year. And when he was raised to the Chancellorship, they had risen to near thirty thousand. No greater or more successful counsel ever practised at the Chancery Bar.

The moral of this biography is outstanding: 1. That the very ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low. 2. That virulent enemies are made by sharp words more than by any other means. If you allow yourself what is doubtless to some the luxury of an unbridled tongue you will have to pay for it. Some day the enemies you make will have their innings and may trip you up. Men who have been guilty of infinitely worse than supercilious

epigrams may, in certain walks of life, rise to any possible elevation provided they make themselves pleasant. But contemptuous words rankle in many minds. They arouse bitter hatred. Even though a man is a blockhead he does not like to be told so. Some day a storm arises from some unexpected quarter; storms must needs beat from time to time upon all public men. The blockheads, and the clever men too, whom you offended have now their chance of paying off old scores, and under a blast from which a popular man would come out not a penny the worse, you will go down. 'He's a superceelious deevil,' said a very rich man of one who had criticised his doings. And then the rich man bided his time. It is very easy to say that such and such a syndicate of men are 'a parcel of contemptible fools.' Possibly it is quite true. But it is unwise to make bitter enemies of even a parcel of contemptible fools.

No doubt, too, blazing success, coming early, and holding on unbroken, is a great offence to some: even though it be borne meekly. Much more when the head appears to be carried very high: and when there seems to be habitual and contemptuous depreciation of nearly everybody beside.

Possibly he did not mean all he said. But it is certain that no great man ever went through life more frankly expressing his contempt for most of his fellow-creatures; and that in the most pungent terms. Either he could not keep back the word, whatever it was to cost him: or he did not take in that he was giving such mortal offence. When he became Chancellor, his Solicitor-General, Atherton, would naturally have become Attorney-General. But Atherton was so weak an officer that it was proposed to make Sir Roundell Palmer Attorney-General *per saltum*. Some one asked the Chancellor how Atherton would like Palmer being put over his head. The conciliatory answer was 'I never knew Atherton had any head at all.' The good-natured friend would hasten to carry the saying, and Atherton might not like it. A brilliant debater did indeed once say to me, 'Stiggins seems to have taken offence at me: I can't understand why. The only thing I can think of is that once I said I would have nothing to do with that leein' body Stiggins: and, unluckily, he was standing at my elbow and overheard.' It appeared to me that Stiggins's lack of cordiality was not so unaccountable.

The eminent London solicitor would not forget how, when he said he must turn the matter over in his mind before acting on Bethell's advice, Bethell replied, 'You will let me know when

you have turned it over in what you are pleased to call your mind.' A homely Scot, who had a case before the House of Lords, under the impression that his counsel had personally and keenly taken up his cause, told me how 'his friend Beethull,' when the Lord Chancellor (Cranworth) was named, held up his hand and mildly said 'Poor thing!' When some one asked him why the same amiable judge always sat along with the Lords Justices, the answer was, 'I fancy from a childish fear of being left alone in the dark.' All the clergy was annihilated at one fell swoop. And this in writing: it was a letter to the Bishop (Wilberforce) of Oxford. 'As for the mind of the clergy: I never knew any clergyman (except your lordship) who could be said to have any mind at all.' Not even the large addition he made, when Chancellor, to many small livings, ever banished the remembrance of that sentence. It is needless to quote the expressions of his utter contempt and dislike, moral and intellectual, for all Bishops: these are beyond numbering. And they were unlucky, coming from the Speaker of the House of Lords, in whose quiet, after the strife of the Commons, he said he might have fancied himself in heaven, but for the sight of so many lawn sleeves. Then, when a Bishop's Resignation Bill was proposed, he said it was needless: 'The law, in its infinite wisdom, has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a Bishop.' His very first speech, presiding in the House of Lords, was really contemptuous in its tone: his greatest admirers admitted that it was a bad beginning. He never hit it off with that dignified assembly. Lord Derby complained that he made it too apparent how cheaply he reckoned the brains of everybody there. It was from the woolsack, too, that he poked acrid fun at Convocation in words which have grown historical. He never gave a judgment affecting the Church of England which was not spiced with hits which roused mortal wrath in all High Churchmen. It was a most painful scene when the calm sneers of the Chancellor drove poor Bishop Wilberforce to madness. The violence of that altercation beseemed not the place or time: and the application of the word *saponaceous* to a document drawn up by Wilberforce was like a specially-vulgar member of a Scotch Town Council than the first of all lay-peers. It was simply calling by an offensive nickname: and neither Bishop nor Chancellor came out of the fray without something to regret sorely.

One has known men, great and small, more commonly small, who went through life steadily depreciating and vilipending all

human beings who could be regarded as in the running with themselves. But among such, Bethell was *facile princeps*. He despised his predecessor as Chancellor, and spoke with contempt of his judgments. One day, under the impression that a judgment quoted was Lord Campbell's, he hastened to condemn it. But the laugh was turned when it was at once stated that the contemned judgment was his own. He was indeed beyond comparison, in his proper sphere, greater and brighter than most of those around him. But he showed far too plainly that he knew it. Modesty would have been a glory, being combined with that magnificent ability. And his tongue was incredibly sharp: and absolutely unbridled. It looks as though he never kept back any keen saying which occurred to him. And the serene, deliberate, and seemingly-affected manner in which he spoke, gave tenfold bitterness. It did not look like the outburst of a hasty temper at all. They did not seem *obiter dicta*, these vitriolic sayings. No mortal can afford thus to indulge his idiosyncrasy. He made enemies on every side: enemies who hated him with an incredible malignity. Each of them had a poisoned dart ranking in his soul. And the day came when this great lawyer, though holding his place in magnificent competence, was surrounded and assailed by a crowd of foes who were able to force him to descend from the highest place in the law.

It was all very well to say he was really a kind-hearted and almost a simple-minded man, who knew nothing of mankind outside a court of equity. Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, from either side of politics, could testify how helpful and considerate the great advocate had been to them in their struggling days. And it might be true that it was mainly pretentious people, would-be big people, upon whom his lash fell: though poor souls, no worse than stupid and inefficient, smarted under it too. The resultant, in fact, was, that rarely has mortal man made so many and such rancorous enemies. It was personal hatred that drove him from the Chancellorship: personal hatred which his greatest admirers must confess he had taken pains to draw forth. Possibly without intention: and, if so, Jowett was right. He ought to have known. Many school-boys could have told him. It is a sad story, the story of the stupid squires in the House of Commons when the vote of censure was moved against him: howling down all explanation, whipped up from the ends of the earth to join the attack on him, listening with peals of derisive laughter to the statement of a case they could not understand, and did not

try to understand. Only this was sure: the Chancellor had frankly despised them all, and had hit many of them incredibly hard: and here was the chance of revenge. And the bitter hatred was by no means confined to one side in the Commons. The most vicious words came from Bethell's own. The upshot, by a narrow vote, was that the Chancellor had to resign the office which no man in Britain was so competent to fill. On the merits, there was no case earthly against him. The charge was a farce. A popular Chancellor might have done a hundred times worse, without a word of reproach. A popular Premier, with a majority (how stupid and inarticulate however) at his back, a thousand times.

There are places, too, in this life, where the 'startling disregard of the conventionalities,' to which the biographer pleads guilty, is not wise. Though here, too, we have what Dean Stanley called *Election*. Things fall out very capriciously. Lord Lyndhurst rushed into white trousers when he was Master of the Rolls, without rebuke. But when Lord Westbury appeared in tweeds, constituting what a Lord Justice called 'the shortest Chancery suit ever seen,' it gave offence.

Further, every clever, ill-natured saying which flew about the courts, was put to Lord Westbury's credit. He said many: but he was blamed for others innumerable which he did not say. These were diligently put about by his enemies. Something irreverent: something trenching on the blasphemous: something bitter beyond verjuice: let all be fathered on the Lord Chancellor. One has known the like among much smaller men in an infinitely lower sphere. There are persons, to whom it is a delight to repeat some falsehood, to the hurt of an outstanding man among their 'Brethren.' It would be easy, and pleasant, to relate instances. But the insignificance of some slanderers is their protection. They are not worth powder and shot.

But this moralising has run to inordinate length. We must briefly tell the story.

Richard Bethell was born at the quiet town of Bradford-on-Avon, in an old grey house by the Saxon bridge over the river, on June 30, 1800. The year, the last of the eighteenth century, is convenient when one desires to note his age at the great points in his life. His blood was good: it did not help him much. He had to become an ancestor himself. The most outstanding of his race in later years was Bishop Bethell of Bangor, who, presumably from an excessive study of the epistolary style of the

elder Weller, began an indignant letter to the *Times* in the third person, and soon passed into the first. Bethell had weak health till six; after that age his vigour and endurance were extraordinary. His austere boyhood has been named. At fifteen, a small, eager-faced lad, in a round jacket and frilled collar, his father, the struggling Doctor, took him to Wadham, and presented him to the Warden. A scholarship was his only chance of University training. To the Warden's surprise he won it. 'Children are not admitted to the College,' was Dr. Tourney's first word. He lived to know the little boy's calibre.

He studied, never sparing himself. A row on the Isis was his sole recreation. On May 22, 1818, he took his B.A., first class in classics, second in mathematics. For four years after he read with men for honours. He pinched himself severely to help his parents: yet before leaving College he had laid by 150*l.* In June 1822 he became Fellow of Wadham. He was entered of the Middle Temple: and with his brother John lived on the third floor of Brick Court. On November 28, 1823, he was called to the Bar. At this time he was remarkably good-looking: a massive head and fine blue eyes: the fair curly hair had to go early, so that brain was driven. His serenity seemed imperturbable. So speedily did briefs flow in that within a year he contemplated matrimony. After the third year he had as much business as he could do. His wife was charming: in writing home he mentions that 'Ellen's uncles are solicitors.' His mother died in September 1825. A brilliant success in managing an Oxford case at once trebled his practice, and he took silk at forty. There is only one account of his playful and affectionate ways among his children at home. And he speedily gained the leading work in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor of England. For the ten years till 1851 there was no important case in which he was not engaged. Not only was he a counsel of matchless skill: the scholar always appeared in his finished diction. 'Speak coolly, composedly,' was his advice to a Scotch friend. His extraordinarily rapid rise was an offence to some. And his sharp tongue was soon painfully known to many. He did not care whether he gave offence or not.

In 1852 he was elected member for Aylesbury as a Liberal. Not unnaturally, a motion was made to remove him from the Conservative Club. While defending himself, a fox-hunting squire roared 'Speak up.' 'I should have thought,' said Bethell, in sweet tones, 'that the honourable gentleman's ears were long

enough to catch my articulate utterances even at that distance.' He retired from the Club, but was forthwith elected to Brooks's. He was never a clubbable man. He soon made his mark in Parliament; and Sir Richard Bethell was Solicitor-General, under Lord Aberdeen, before the end of the year. His work was now excessive. His income was in proportion. He got up his briefs in the library, and he could sleep at will. 'What fools these judges are,' was his sole remark on a great occasion. And it was said that Mr. Justice Maule, Senior Wrangler, complained that the Solicitor-General, addressing the Court, demeaned himself as though he were God Almighty addressing three black beetles.

In truth, Bethell fancied he was appearing at his best when he was showing himself at his very worst. The like has been with far lesser men. I have seen a bully in a deliberative council, with fist clenched, and underlip projected, in strident tones abusing his betters, and uttering illiterate balderdash. That man, in private, was a genial soul, and *mediocriter doctus*. And in Bethell, dispensing around him, impartially, the oil that breaks the head, you saw little appearance of what he was called, when he died, by one who knew him as well as any: 'A gigantic intellect, with a heart as tender as a child's.'

In November 1856 he became Attorney-General, succeeding Cockburn. Now he declared that 'his ambition was satisfied.' He carried various valuable reforms of the law: notably in the law of Divorce, in spite of the violent obstruction of Mr. Gladstone. At the close of that memorable session, he had a house in Perthshire which afterwards became well-known to the writer. Here he shot grouse diligently, till he brought on an illness in which he suffered through his doctor being occasionally drunk. In 1859 he looked to be Chancellor under Lord Palmerston: but, from circumstances well known, it was thought expedient to promote Lord Campbell. Bethell was disappointed: but he bided his time: and when Campbell suddenly died in June 1861, he succeeded. The kind father's dream had come true: and the Lord Chancellor took the title of Lord Westbury, of Westbury, in Wilts: the town nearest Bradford: Bradford being already appropriated. No abler Chancellor ever sat on the Woolsack; nor any more zealous reformer of the law. But the manner never could be conciliatory. And if a public man make one or two enemies daily, the number mounts up alarmingly. An absurd charge, not of corruption, but of carelessly suffering a corrupt bargain to pass uncondemned, was pressed with a ferocity hardly to be wondered

at. It was a mere pretext. But a vote of censure passed in the Commons by 177 to 163, and the Chancellor, with great dignity, and no irritation whatever, announced his resignation to the Lords. A strong re-action of feeling speedily followed. He had held the Great Seal for four years.

Strange to say, Lord Westbury never really liked or enjoyed the work he did so well. And he did not care for office. His happiness was in rural avocations, and in home life. Yet he served faithfully in the Lords as a Judge of Appeal: recording in a diary, kept for a little while, that 'as soon as the Scotch are engaged in litigation, there is an entire absence of prudence, sound sense, and discretion.' Nor did he omit the occasional sneer at the Scotch Judges. 'It was not gentleman-like,' one of them said in my hearing. Twice he was offered a Lord Justice-ship, with purpose in a little to restore him to the Chancellorship: but he declined. At seventy-three, heart and strength failed. But his intellect was clear as ever: and he presided at a great arbitration while suffering agonies of pain. In July 1873, the end seemed near. His patience was wonderful. The old irritability had quite died out. 'I am content,' he said, 'to suffer ten times the pain, and to be thankful, *most* thankful.' And on Saturday, July 20, he passed peacefully from what to him had been a troublesome world.

By a touching co-incidence, his old enemy Bishop Wilberforce had met his sudden death but a few hours before. Their ways had run far apart in life. But 'in their death they were not divided.'

A. K. H. B.

At the Sign of the Ship.

MAN is a difficult animal to satisfy. Thirty years ago he was crying out for examinations. Everybody was to be examined for everything. There was to be no more patronage than is consistent with a world where the House of Jobus will never be extinct. Intellect and energy were to pass through the doors of examinations with all good things. Now mankind cry out that they are aweary of examinations. Everyone is eternally being examined, from six years old to six-and-twenty. Working for examinations does not mean being educated. It means cramming ; it means an army of crammers to give boys 'tips,' and an army of examiners to discomfit the crammers. Men only read 'what pays in the schools,' and what pays they 'get up' from manuals and not books. So a number of persons, more or less distinguished, say, and publish an appeal (and their highly respectable names) in the *Nineteenth Century*.

* * *

It is undeniably true that the complaints about cramming are correct in substance. Examiners say they have tried to set questions that would test the real knowledge, wit, and taste of young fellows. But the crammers were too clever for the examiners ; they had anticipated almost every question and had crammed the lads with the appropriate answers. The answers were not good in themselves, and most of the boys made a dreadful mess of them, to speak colloquially. You rarely find any originality, real knowledge, or even interest in the subject as you waste your eyes over examination papers. But what then ? does it follow that the system of examination is wholly worthless ?

* * *

I venture to think that this is not the correct inference. The protesters exclaim that men at Oxford (always Oxford ; Cambridge

washes her *linge sale* at home) only read what pays. They 'cram ;' they do not 'study.' But who in the world expects them to study ? When did a crowd of young men ever study ? The idea is ridiculous. The mass of human beings, especially in youth, simply detest literature. Does Mr. Frederic Harrison, for example, suppose that more books would be read in the true spirit if there were no examinations ? Let him glance over Gibbon's Autobiography. There were no examinations then, and Gibbon tells us how much reading was done. I believe that out of three thousand men at an university not two hundred care for literature enough to acquire a really sound knowledge, or even a pleasant smattering, of Virgil, Sophocles, Tacitus, Thucydides, Wordsworth, Milton, and Chaucer. Under the system of examinations a larger proportion is obliged to make a nodding acquaintance with history, philosophy, poetry. Naturally men dislike what they have to learn, and forget it as soon as may be ; but that is not because of the examinations, but because a hatred of study is native in the majority of mankind. Anyone can observe this for himself. What do the educated classes read ? The newspapers ; and women read novels, and boys read poetry sometimes. It is not credible that the majority would study at all if they were not compelled to study, and examinations bring people in contact with good books. Of course people try to 'scrape through ' with as little knowledge as may be, but they cannot help acquiring some.

* * *

Things may have altered : it is long since I was an undergraduate ; but at that time, far from reading what paid, you could read nothing that did *not* pay, or at least that might not pay, either as an aid to style or by way of allusion, or, generally, by widening a man's knowledge. Moreover you were obliged to know the text of certain books—Greek, Latin, and English—as few people would ever know them if their knowledge was not to be tested. One was compelled into an approach to accuracy. For one, I cannot speak evil of examinations without gross ingratitude. But then one paid no heed to 'tips' and very little attention to lectures.

* * *

Examinations—say for the army or the Indian Civil Service—have this much of good : they show that a fellow has *stuff* in him.

An inveterate idler will not pass ; a very dull boy, if industrious, will pass, at all events into the army. To be sure what he learns, in the way of history and literature at least, he does not know : he never acquired it by study at first hand ; it is mere tattle, told to him by a crammer, and by him most imperfectly reported to the examiner. But an honest dull boy plods away at this trash ; the examinations discern the plodder from the idler. That is all they can do, but that is something. The worthy lad may prove an excellent warrior, but, even if he had never been examined, he would, all his life long, be free from any tincture of letters. Human beings, in the main, never will be studious, never will be learned, never will learn lessons from history, nor take delight in most poetry. No Reform, no Revolution will ever make study the delight of more than a few among a few. Nor will any system of examinations ever prevent the born student from pursuing the delights of literature.

* * *

Perhaps nobody quite expects to get rid of examinations utterly. We ought rather to improve them. This may be done most readily (one is speaking of the higher sort of examinations) by leaving matters very vague. Let the boys be educated, let the examiners test the result of their education, but do not let certain text-books be prescribed, certain manuals, the tinned meat of the intellectual life. In classics this is easy. A few 'unseen passages' well chosen, a few pieces of composition, soon reveal what a boy really knows. No crammer can guess 'unseen passages' with much success. In history and in literature a genial latitude should be permitted. It should be the examiner's business to find out the best man, which they could pretty safely do if they were allowed considerable discretion. Anonymous examiners (masked in *vivâ voce*, an awful spectacle) would soon defeat the crammers. Of course the examiners' names would be known to the proper authorities, but to the crammers *not*. Could not the very questions asked be kept secret ? This may be difficult of course ; but I believe examiners might do a great deal if they were permitted—might detect real merit and industry without encouraging cram. Yet, do what we will, as long as entrance to certain branches of the public service is not to be given by patronage we must have a test. To satisfy that test boys will have to acquire knowledge which is distasteful to them and useless to them, and which they will forget as readily as they may. Such

is human nature, which once devoured a fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and has an inherited distaste for those apples.

* * *

Every day come proofs of the difficulty which Europeans have in understanding the less advanced races. A very common charge against the Red Man is this: that he has destroyed with wanton and ruinous cruelty the bisons, which, in parts of North America, were meat and clothing to him. The creatures will soon be extinct, partly through the advance of railways and the destructiveness of white sportsmen; but it is probable enough that the Indians, in time, would have exterminated the bisons with reckless improvidence. Yet the Red Man had a kind of excuse; he was persuaded that the shot bison, like the native bear in Australian tradition, does not really die. 'The Minitarees, men of my nation,' said an Indian to Mr. James, 'believed that the bones of the bisons which they had slain and divested of their flesh, rose again, clothed with new flesh, and became fat and fit for slaughter in the ensuing hot months.' This was the story told by the priests. 'For a long time very few of us believed the words of the priests; they had lied to us so often.' But at last the Minitarees learned the truth of the theory. One of their boys was lost, and they believed him to have been killed by the Sioux tribe. A war party, therefore, went out against the Sioux, and on the way killed a bison. Inside the bison was the boy, 'alive, sleek, well, and hearty, after having been imprisoned there a whole year.' The boy explained that he had slain and half stripped a bison, that, for lack of cover, he crept inside the animal, and that the flesh grew over him in the night. When the beast came to life 'he found himself rocking about as a canoe is tossed on the waves of the great water.' And thus the Minitarees learned that the priests, for once, had told the truth. Henceforward they had no scruples about useless massacres of bisons. Who can teach foresight and frugality to a people as credulous as the Minitarees?

* * *

Certainly we do not understand the ruder peoples. In a recent essay on the *Philosophy of Marriage* a lady remarked that nothing could be easier and simpler than marriage in primitive society. Now one ventures to think that, as society advances, marriage becomes more, instead of less, easy and simple. The consequences are to be found in what is called

‘surplus population.’ The savage makes things more difficult. Before a young brave of the Kurnai can even flirt he has to submit to having his little finger top joint cut off, to having his front teeth knocked out, to being rudely shaved with a sharp stone, to being daubed all over with mud, and to a number of other horrors neither easy nor simple. The young Red Indian, in some tribes, has to serve as a slave for a whole year in the cabin of his future father-in-law. Moreover the rules about who might marry whom were notoriously so difficult and complex that often it must hardly have been possible to marry at all. Consider likewise the tribes in which a man may not marry unless he can buy a wife by offering a sister in exchange, and recollect that the older men were wont to snap up all available sisters, and that sisters who seemed ‘one too many if not two’ were slain when they were babies. Without entering into the question of difficulties that surrounded the bride, it is evident enough that marriage was not in primitive, or at least in backward society, such plain sailing as Mrs. Lynn Linton appears to believe. To be sure it was easy enough in India, where the Gandharva ceremony consisted merely in a lady and her lover exchanging their wreaths of flowers, while the Minitaree rite of shooting arrows over the heads of the happy pair was picturesquely simple. But the difficulties before they came to the ceremony were much greater than in civilised society, or so one is led to suppose. In fact, if people had consciously set to work to make marriage difficult and unattractive they could hardly have succeeded better. Apparently, ‘the course of true love never did run smooth,’ especially among the Zulus, whom, as we all remember, Cetewayo kept in a state of military celibacy.

* * *

Probably few people will regret the late restrictions on Free Trade in the translation of some of M. Zola’s novels. Even in Paris one of them provoked a schism among ‘those about M. Zola.’ But it seems extremely hasty for critics to accuse M. Zola of wishing to deprave the minds of his readers, or of merely producing books like some of his because they sell. It is difficult, on the other hand, not to suppose that M. Zola really desires to exhibit a series of bad examples, with some kind of purpose of awaking mankind to a sense of their defects. His intentions may be austere excellent. He may say, ‘In reading this or that book of mine you are walking a moral hospital go away and try to amend the society which breeds these plagues.’ This is probably

M. Zola's idea and intention. Unfortunately his method cannot produce the results which it is only fair to assume that he desires. The ape and tiger ought to be shocked when they see their images in his mirror, but, as a matter of fact, the ape and tiger are vain enough, and other people are curious enough, to like staring at the shadows in the glass, without the faintest notion of reforming themselves. Grown-up readers are much more likely to be disgusted than to be depraved by certain tales of M. Zola's. Grown-up people, indeed, are very slightly affected in character or conduct by books either for good or bad. It is the curiosity of youth that takes moral harm from them, and the British youth, at all events, is protected from injury by the decent obscurity of a foreign language. It would be well if no English publisher thought it desirable to raise the veil, for the experiment is perilous. Yet, when one considers what is published daily by the press, there seems a want of complete consistency in forbidding the publication of any literary work. Consistency is the least attainable of virtues, however, and it is hypercritical, perhaps, to regret any decision which keeps the wrong sort of students away from novels which are necessary to nobody, and which they would read from the wrong sort of motive. It is a choice of evils, and perhaps the less evil is the appearance of hypocrisy and of 'le kant anglais.'

* * *

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

I.

Intolerable, by none wanted
Save by himself alone;
It seemed a satire that he chanted
In quavering doleful tone.
The heart of many a generous giver
From such a discord swerved;
Philanthropists beyond the River,
Mayhap, are tougher-nerved.

II.

We could not choose but be exclusive,
Whose souls are unlike his,
His fellowship were not conducive
To our eternal bliss.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

The small dog left to prowl and shiver
 Is the one living thing
 Would care to meet beyond the River
 His master wandering.

III.

Ay, the old circle that befriended,
 The love that could not change,
 We would recover, all else ended—
 If Heaven should thus arrange.
 But him, whose accents no more quiver
 Through thoroughfares we shun,
 We would leave to God, beyond the River,
 As we on earth have done.

IV.

Unless the sins that never tempted,
 Sins we could scarce condone,
 Trials from which we were exempted
 By man's voice and our own,
 Evil from which we did deliver
 Our souls, and want, and care,
 Should meet us yet beyond the River,
 And bid us welcome there!

M. K.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after November 11 will be acknowledged in the January number, in which the annual statement of account and a report of the year's work will be printed.

Lily Burnet 2s. E. J. Rourke 5s. L. C. 10s. B. S. T. 2s. P. K. 1*l*. John J. A. Boase 10s. E. C. T. (third donation) 5s. Two thankful young housekeepers 10s. Miss Churchill 2*l*. Thomas Gripper 10s. J. G. F. 10s. 6d. A large packet of clothing from C. Surrey.

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